THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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What's the Matter with Steel?

BY EDWIN LEFÈVRE

IN THE boom of 1880-1881, the great sin, which was punished by ruin and bankruptcy later, was the over-building of railroads. It became ultra-fashionable because it proved a very easy way of making money. Greed sharpens wits no less than love; also, it moves along the line of least resistance, and those great financiers, themselves actuated by greed, who knew how greed moved others, perceived a demand and supplied it and became great stock-market millionaires. The railroad extensions then were not so much extravagant as premature. They were flimsily built, because what the railroad geniuses in the stock market were doing was merely capitalizing the future and selling the securities to the stock-mad public.

They collapsed, these speculative ventures. There was too much water, too much "value" which was altogether fictitious. In the later and greater boom of ours there has been no over-extension of railway lines, and no excessive increase in industrial productive capacity. What the great financiers discovered was that the very real prosperity of the country and of the people must lead, as any one could have foreseen, to a great gambling outburst. A frenzy of speculation on the part of the great public permitted a far-seeing few to take advantage of it, worthily, and railroad schemes—otherwise "deals"—were carried out because the public bought securities when it was asked. These deals were sound and proper enough. They created some new securities, which was inevitable. More deals created too many new securities, which was a financial crime.

When the chief owners or the managers of a great system saw that, through the public's complaisant purchases of stocks and bonds, the welfare and stability of their property could be assured for two generations, they should not be blamed for going ahead. The abuse came afterward, and with it great losses in the stock market At the bottom, of course, is the desire, on the part of the financiers, to "utilize" the public. As one after another succeeded, others followed their example until there were too many. Pioneers plunged and succeeded. Imitators followed and failed. Two significant practices rapidly developed. One was the buying of the "control"—that is, the majority of the stock—of some railroad or transportation company and turning it over to some other company which needed it, or was said to need it, as a measure of self-protection or to "round out" its system. What was wrong about this was that the stock was bought in the open market. It enabled some great millionaires to become even greater, because, at least in the beginning, it was the usual thing to buy secretly and cheaply and then sell or otherwise dispose of, to the company needing it, for a much higher price. The difference was not pocketed by the stockholders. It is an easy but not a brave thing to accuse railway magnates of what practically amounts to breach of trust and at the same time not make definite accusations, substantiated by proofs. But, nevertheless, it is true enough, and it was done but too often and by very high financiers. Indeed, so easy was money to be made by such operations that time and again has a railroad system been saddled with what the bankers' prospectuses would call "feeders," but which the late Addison Cammack, a chronic bear, used to call "suckers." Growing out of this practice of one railway buying the stocks of another arose the other and very bad practice of converting stocks, or liquid capital, into bonds or fixed capital. A company need never pay dividends on its stock and yet remain solvent. But it must pay the interest on its bonds or go into a receiver's hands. The reason why this was done by so many companies was that "bond" sounds more attractive than stocks. The new securities were made to sell. This, and the craze to make "trusts" in every line of business, were the greatest sins of the greatest boom of all.

Before considering the abuses in over-capitalization practiced by the less picturesque but not less sordid financiers who make the exploitation of railways in and out of the stock market their one business in life, it is well to study the consolidation craze, chiefly because it culminated in the formation of the United States Steel Corporation, and because to-day, to every man that asks why St. Paul or Reading or Texas and Pacific have declined so much this year, there are hundreds of thousands who ask the unanswerable question, "What's the matter with Steel?"

In studying the formation of the iron colossus many things will become apparent which if they do not answer the stock gamblers' questions in full should at least help the layman to understand much.

Mr. Morgan has been blamed because he is a man less interested in the human side of an enterprise, as it were, than in the promotion and financing of it. Assuredly, he is not the sort of developing force that, for instance, Mr. James J. Hill is. But it is only fair to point out that Mr. Morgan has not been called upon to upbuild but to finance; and that part he certainly has done in a big, masterly way. He has his own surgical methods in times of reorganization. They are not gentle; but there is something superbly impressive about his imperious self-confidence, begotten of a lifetime's habits of command and of accomplishment. Very big fees are paid to the surgeon, who cares little for the patient's feeling so long as the patient is discharged from the hospital cured. With the increased wealth of the community things undreamed of so late as 1898 became possible in 1899 and accomplished in 1900. Mr. Morgan has known his own business facilities for the disposal of the securities which he has ordered manufactured; and if people bought them at high prices so much the better for him and the worse for them. When a battle is waged and one side wins the other must lose. Mr. Morgan cannot add a hundred millions to the fortune left him by his father without the other side—the outside, in the Wall Street phrase—losing. But he is a great man, a strong man, who loves money less than action and accomplishment.

The manifest economic tendency of the times was toward consolidations, which are but the concentration of productive power, and it is evident that in union there is strength as well as economy. Economists said at the time that the formation of this iron and steel octopus sooner or later had to come, just as they tell you now that some day the people must face the issues created by the new conditions. Yet the facts show that the United States Steel Corporation was created not in obedience to the "manifest economic tendency of the times," but to prevent an industrial warfare which would have unsettled sentiment and sent the stock market down; which would have been very bad for Mr. Morgan's plans. He was busy on schemes affecting the anthracite roads and the Northern Pacific when Andrew Carnegie threatened to build at Conneaut the most complete tube works in the world because one of Mr. Morgan's pet "industrials," the "National Tube" trustlet, was thinking of discontinuing the purchase of certain Carnegie products. In the midst of the most remarkable prosperity ever enjoyed by this country it looked as if the iron and steel producers were about to engage in bitter warfare.

The Birth of the Steel Octopus

THE formation of the United States Steel Corporation checked that movement. It has been said that if it should serve no further purpose than to prolong the period of prosperity a couple of years, as it certainly has done, it has been worth a billion dollars to the United States. Thus it may be that Mr. Morgan was helping every business man in the country, but he surely was protecting himself and his enterprises. It was a very serious moment for him and he was fighting with his back to the wall. It will never be known whether Mr. Carnegie deliberately and premeditatedly forced Mr. Morgan to buy him out, but that Mr. Morgan was forced to do so is not to be questioned. And he paid a huge price. Mr. Carnegie gave an option to H. C. Frick to sell the entire Carnegie plant for $200,000,000. The option was not exercised and as a result came the famous Frick-Carnegie suit. This suit was compromised by Mr. Carnegie forming a new company capitalized at $300,000,000. Two years later Mr. Morgan capitalized it at over $500,000,000, Mr. Carnegie receiving something like $300,000,000 in bonds for his share. To cut off danger from other sources Mr. Morgan also gathered in the more important of the "trustlets" that had been formed: Federal Steel, National Steel, American Steel and Wire, American Tin Plate and National Tube.

With a capitalization greater than the public debt of the United States, with a productive capacity greater than that of any other nation, the United States Steel Corporation, the embodiment of the "American Peril," the greatest example of the "manifest tendency of the times," was launched on the stock market. Mr. Morgan financed it. How it created fabulous fortunes almost overnight forms the most remarkable chapter in our financial history, because in it are found emphasized all the striking features of the present boom.

Governor Flower, the pioneer, made a stupendous success of the Federal Steel Company. Strictly speaking, this same success was the first chapter of the stock-market epic of Steel. He had thrown together a lot of companies, whose stocks were purchased by the Federal, and the shares of the latter, through his manipulation, became readily vendible at high prices, whereas the stocks of the constituent companies had been salable at low figures and with difficulty at that. It was the same article more attractively labeled and freshly varnished with the magic paint of greed to appeal to the speculative instinct, though, to be sure, business was good and rapidly growing better. So shrewd a judge of industrial value and so consummate a speculator as John W. Gates sold out his huge block of Federal Steel very early at about $35 a share—because he thought it too high! And yet later the shares sold at $70 and more. Other promoters, including the sagacious Gates, followed Governor Flower's lead. Business men understood the business advantages of combinations, but promoters were moved by the desire to catch the stock-buying public and make lots of money quickly. And so everything was "consolidated" and one after another the "trustlets" came into existence. They were over-capitalized, of course. The preferred stocks alone more than represented the value of the plants, including the good will, and "discounted" the economies and benefits arising from consolidation. The common stocks were "water" or the so-called "possibilities of the future." As time goes on the true value of this last euphemism is becoming better known to the public. But at the time when everybody was stock gambling everybody bought to sell out at a profit. The lambs have not sold yet.

"Water, Water Everywhere"

IT IS generally assumed without fear of contradiction that the United States Steel Corporation was "watered" in its making, though Mr. Schwab has sworn that the value of the Corporation's property is what it is capitalized for. Two years before, Mr. Gates, flushed with the success of his Steel and Wire trust promotion, had talked of a billion-dollar combination, and there had followed a torrent of warnings against greed-maddened and success-drunken plungers. He was considered a wild speculator then; he is now a "financier," and his billion-dollar combination is a fact. Three years ago he was merely premature. Such is the history of many of the big deals of this boom.

When the United States Steel organization was effected and the stock certificates ready, Mr. Morgan found himself in the position of a manufacturer with his warehouses full of goods. The market for his goods was there, but he needed a selling agent. After a month's deliberation the market conduct of the new shares was intrusted to James R. Keene, the greatest stock manipulator beyond all question that this country ever had. Mr. Keene found this situation: All the great financial interests apart from Mr. Morgan's had schemes of their own which necessitated a strong and rising market—that is, all the brains and all the money of Wall Street were working together to that end, for some had had readjustments to make and all had stocks to sell. For all, the cooperation of the public was a vital need. The public had the money to buy securities. It was rich as never before. But the investment buying though great was gradual, and therefore too slow to take up the billions of securities that had been manufactured. It was necessary that the public should be made to buy them, and to that end there must be created a great speculative demand.

Mr. Keene, for once in his life, found himself backed practically by a billion dollars. A man who with his own resources, less than a half dozen millions, had in the past caused anxiety to capitalists ten times richer, had no opposition from the other leaders of speculation. How he planned and worked, and astounded his most intimate friends by the fertility of resource, the ingenious strategy, the courage he displayed in his manipulation of Steel stocks, is a matter of record and remains one of the most wonderful campaigns in Wall Street. It is true that everything helped him and thus helped Mr. Morgan. First of all, the cumulative effect of years of uninterrupted prosperity; and then it was easy to get all the drums of publicity to beat for the gigantic, "epoch-making" corporation. Politicians, knowing this corporation meant something they had to talk about sooner or later, hesitated as to what stand they ought to take. Political economists saw in it the remarkable culmination of a remarkable tendency. Producers and consumers of iron and steel wondered how it would affect their business. Europe was growing uneasy. The press of every country in the world printed long editorials upon the latest and greatest of American exploits. As for our newspapers, their accounts of the Billion-Dollar Trust, if clipped and pasted together, would have reached from the Earth to Sirius and there would have been enough left for a streamer a million miles long dangling in the mid-space void. The public heard nothing but *Steel! Steel! Steel!* The community had already been speculating in stocks. But this was the last, the grand push, and everybody bought stocks; chiefly Steel. The country had gone wildly enthusiastic over them. Its enthusiasm spelt millions to the creators of the "hydrant-headed monster," as an irreverent Irishman called the Steel Corporation.

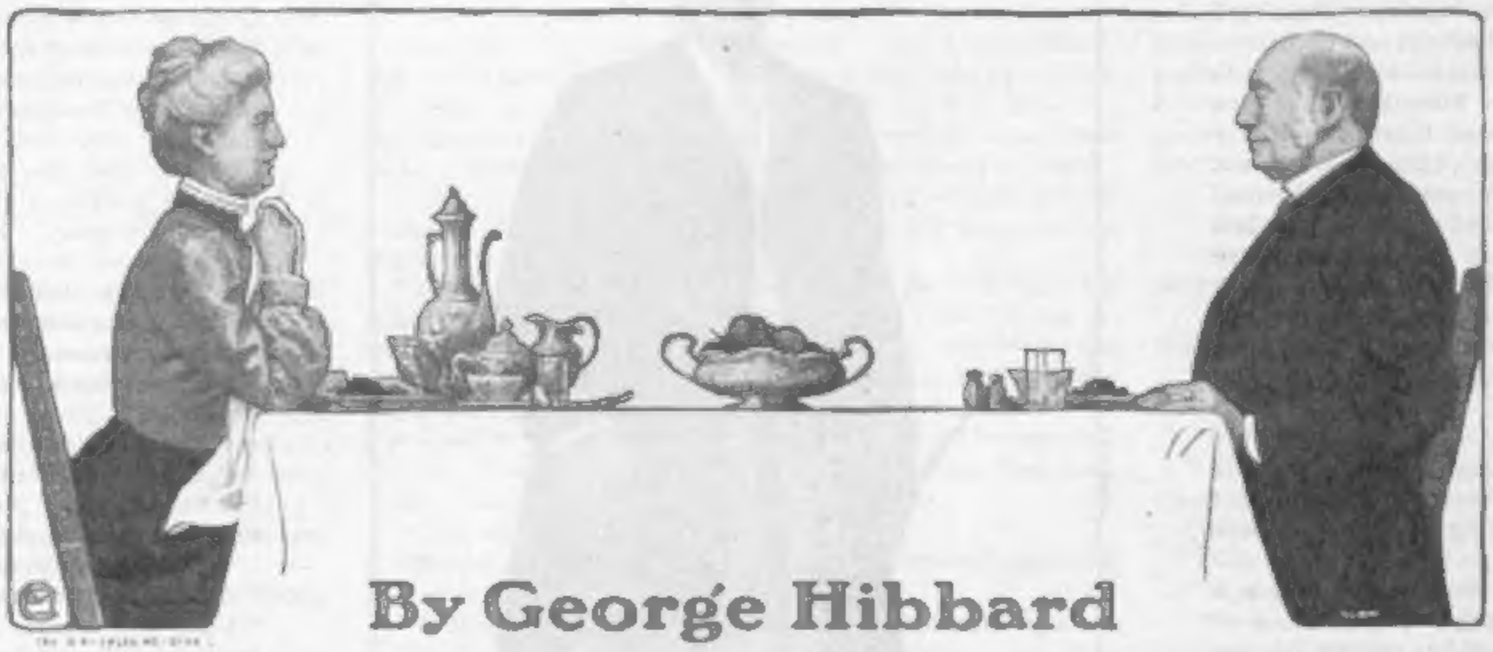
Mr. Keene had taken hold of these shares, which had already been traded in on the unofficial exchange, the "Curb Market," when the common was around $37 and the preferred around $87. In the course of a comparatively few weeks he was able to mark up the price of each stock fully fifteen points—which meant an appreciation in the market value of the capital stock of the company of $150,000,000 in round numbers. Not only this, but—and here is what should make students of our national wealth ponder—*in one day, at the height of the boom, Mr. Keene was able to sell in the open market the incredible amount of 300,000 shares of the United States Steel common and preferred stocks, representing over $20,000,000!* And Mr. Keene, acting for Mr. Morgan, was able to put the price higher, till the preferred sold above $100 and the common as high as $55, because the public was stock-mad and Mr. Keene knew how to utilize the madness. He told me once that he had sold in all, from the time it was launched to the Northern Pacific panic, in reality but a few weeks, something like 750,000 shares! Before the first syndicate was dissolved it marketed successfully the $200,000,000 of stock it had underwritten. The public took all this. But the public did more. The party, consisting of Messrs. Reid, Leeds and Moore, who had created the Tin Plate, Steel Hoop, National Steel and other concerns, received a huge block of United States Steel in exchange for their holdings of the constituent companies' securities. It was current gossip at the time that they received something like $140,000,000! Think of it! Men who, two years previously, were not, strictly speaking, rich, became fabulously wealthy almost overnight; not because of the manifest economic tendency of the times but because of the manifest ability of the American people to outgamble any other people on earth!

The Water Frozen into Hard Cash

THESE men, being wise, converted their paper profits into hard cash and then put some fifty odd millions of cash, presented to them in the course of a few weeks by the American public, into the very best "railway proposition" they could find—the Rock Island. There were the junior partners of Andrew Carnegie, men like Phipps, Frick, Schwab and a score of others, whose fortunes quintupled—in some cases increased tenfold in weeks, almost days. They did not all sell their holdings; but they sold a small portion. It was enough to enable them to buy yachts, and build mansions costing three or four millions each. They made the most exaggerated type of the new class—the stock-market millionaire. They were the Steel millionaires. With the preferred stock selling at $100 and over, and the common at $55, as at the height of the boom of 1901, the properties of the United States Steel Corporation had a stock-market value of more than a billion dollars. This was obviously the wildest kind of inflation, possible only in a mad boom. People since then have come to their senses. They had bought so much that they couldn't buy any more. In the spring of 1901 they bought all that Keene sold for Morgan, all that Frick, Schwab, Gates, Moore, and all the other magnates sold, carloads of certificates. The company has fifty thousand shareholders to-day. But lately the public would not buy so freely. Prices might rise and they would not buy. Prices might fall and they would not think stocks a bargain. Mr. Morgan spoke of "undigested securities," and he ought to know, for he made more than any one else. And now, on the eve of what so many believe is the beginning of the contraction in general business, in the course of which the iron and steel trade must suffer, the majority of the 50,000 stockholders of the big trust, forgetting the history of the corporation and the over-capitalization of it, ask what the matter may be with the stocks, merely because in the appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober there has been a shrinkage of not far from $400,000,000 in the stock-market value of the United States Steel capitalization. It measures, this appalling shrinkage, the degree of the speculative insanity of the great American Public in 1901. The dividends on the common stock have just been reduced to two per cent. per annum. But on the same day the directors reduced the dividend rate they reported that the company had about 1,100,000 tons of business less on its books on October 1 of this year than on October 1, 1902. Men familiar with the iron and steel trades and with the company's business sold the common stock months ago because it was "velvet" to them—it represented clear profit. They were foolish not to have sold their holdings at $50 a share as others did; but not so foolish as the thousands who bought at that price.

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. Lefèvre's articles on Wall Street and Prosperity.

THE SILENT PARTNER



By George Hibbard

MR. NETTLETON—Mr. Andrew Nettleton—rose from the breakfast-table with the deliberation he considered befitting every movement of a person so important as himself. He advanced slowly across the large handsome breakfast-room toward the hearth rug and there took his stand before the fire in an easy but dignified attitude. Indeed, as he stood in his long frock coat he might have been copied in clay and reproduced in bronze for elevation on a pedestal in the "Public Square"—to appear as the statue which he firmly intended should some day adorn the most prominent place in his native town. For Mr. Nettleton—Mr. Andrew Nettleton—was the most important citizen of Chappaqua, and knew it.

"I am extremely sorry, my dear," he said, smiling pleasantly across at his little wife who still remained half-hidden behind the silver coffee pot, cream pitcher and sugar bowl, "that you feel that you are obliged to go."

"I think I should, Andrew," she said in a quiet, soft voice. "Jane would feel dreadfully if some of us were not there for the wedding. Of course if you could go——"

"Quite impossible," answered Nettleton briefly. "With so much upon me, holding the position in town that I do, I cannot be free at a moment's notice like other people."

"I know," said his wife resignedly. "It will only be for a day. I'll be back this evening. And I don't think there will be much that will come up," she added thoughtfully.

"I fail to see what difference it can make if there does," said Mr. Nettleton in some surprise. "I shall be here—and I shall attend to everything. I can't believe, Cynthia," he continued with heavy playfulness, "that you consider that I cannot deal fully with any question that may arise."

He continued to laugh in evident enjoyment of the absurdity of the idea.

"Indeed no—no, Andrew," his little wife hastened to assure him. "Of course you always decide everything, anyway. But do you know, this is the first time that we have been separated for a day in twenty-six years, and it makes me nervous, I suppose."

If Andrew Nettleton as he stood might have been transmuted into bronze for presentment to his fellow-citizens, he was still human.

"True! True!" he said pleasantly and gently. And then he went over and patted his wife on the shoulder and, as no one was present, bent and kissed her. "And they have been happy, successful years, Cynthia."

"Thanks to you, Andrew," she said.

"I may at times—usually, in fact—have seen more clearly than other men—exercised a sounder judgment," conceded Nettleton modestly.

"Every one says you are wonderful," she assured him admiringly.

The autumn morning was bright; the brisk air fresh and exhilarating. Mr. Nettleton passed through the broad gate leading from his spacious grounds and reached the sidewalk of the Avenue. He always enjoyed his walk "downtown" in the morning. His progress was always a small triumph. Every one looked at him and every one bowed to him with the deference due to the most influential and respected citizen of the place. There was not a man, however good his standing, who did not consider it an honor to fall into step with him and walk down by his side. The school children hastening on their way gazed at him in awe, and he felt that he had been held up to them as an example for them to emulate—as the type of what they should strive to become.

Down Appalachian Avenue he went with his head erect and the swing of the body which Nettleton considered a good brisk manner of progression, calculated to impress the beholder with an idea of his still youthful activity. He seemed to take a particular pleasure in his exercise upon this particular morning. He did not attempt to explain it, but he was conscious of a state of unusual exaltation. The feeling of freedom from constraint, almost amounting to the sensation of running away from school, was most exciting. Of course he was extremely sorry to have his wife away even for a day, but she was not needed, and in the meantime in the independence there was a rather new and pleasing liberty. Women were all very well and Cynthia an unusually sensible little woman, but had he not made a mistake—hampered himself by taking her so thoroughly into his confidence—in letting her know so much about the practical matters of business and affairs? Sometimes might he not have let his better judgment be influenced? But no, with his strong will and calm sense he assured himself he had always made up his mind and decided everything. It had pleased her to believe that she was consulted, and no harm had been done. He smiled indulgently, thinking how good a husband he had been and how wise and successful a man.

He crossed into the Main Street where his advent created quite as much flattering attention. He reached the steps of the bank building. He entered his private office resplendent with polished woods and rich with heavy leathers. He placed himself before his massive desk and sat enthroned, the bank president in all his glory.

An hour passed.

Nettleton had finished his mail and was taking up the other tasks of the morning, when the door suddenly opened and a young man appeared—a frown appearing concomitantly on the President's smooth countenance. The newcomer advanced valiantly and without regard to Nettleton's threatening aspect. In spite, however, of the determination of his face the way in which he fingered his hat indicated a certain excitement.

"Mr. Nettleton——" he began with hesitation.

"Yes, sir," the President replied in his fiercest official voice. "I am rather late this morning and somewhat hurried——"

"I should like a few words with you."

Nettleton looked his opinion that they were utterly unnecessary.

"I have something to say that is important, very important to me, at least," he continued, advancing, and as Nettleton had not asked him to be seated, standing with his hand on the table. "I think you know, sir, what it is. I love Miss Nettleton and want to make her my wife. Nelly says that she is willing and I have come to ask your consent."

"Which you do not have," snapped Nettleton vigorously. "You have understood, I think, that I did not approve of your being at the house—of Nelly's seeing you. I don't like it and I won't have it. I don't know anything about you, Mr. Willis—except that you are a painter—an artist I believe you call yourself. Well, I haven't the time to attend much to art, but I know I don't want an artist for a son-in-law."

"I have been staying with the Mottways. That would seem to be a guarantee of my respectability—and I am ready to give a full account of myself."

"The Mottways, though they are one of our most respected families, have a queer Bohemian crowd about them. I never did take very much stock in painters, and I'm not going to have my daughter marry any one of the beggarly lot."

The young man flushed slightly and also appeared somewhat amused.

"Mrs. Nettleton——" he began.

"Mrs. Nettleton has nothing to do with this. She has not my experience—and is easily led away. Besides, she is out of town—and this might as well be definitely ended here and now."

"Then you can give me no hope?" asked the young man.

"I tell you this ends here," said Nettleton abruptly.

"And I," answered the other man, "say most respectfully that is impossible. If I do not have your consent I wish to tell you that I shall do without it. I think I may say that *we* shall do without it."

"What do you mean?" demanded the indignant Mr. Nettleton.

"I do not care to reply," Willis continued. "I only wish to warn you that I—we shall act. Good-morning, sir. I trust that in time I shall make you see the mistake you are making about me and about this."

"Impossible!" gasped Nettleton, outraged at this attack upon his firmest convictions. "I don't make mistakes—besides, this is much too clear a case. I consider this matter definitely closed."

Still Nettleton felt unaccountably uneasy when he again found himself alone in the sombre room. He sat before the desk impatiently tapping on the wood with the tip of a pen. Again the door opened and a man entered. This time the new arrival advanced hastily and decidedly. He was a middle-aged man with all the vigor of youth, but his evident anxiety made him appear old and careworn.

"I want to talk some business to you, Mr. Nettleton," he said eagerly. "Some important business at once."

"I am always ready, Mr. Lytton, to listen to any proposition—to any reasonable proposition," the President corrected irritably.

"You know how we're fixed," said Lytton dropping into a chair at the same moment that he let his hat fall to the floor.

"I know," replied Nettleton dryly, "that we are carrying large loans for your Company——"

"We've needed money," admitted the other, "and we need more. We're in the most pressing need of it."

"Hum!" remarked Nettleton with a full official frown.

"It's only a very little comparatively," pleaded Lytton. "We've got to have it to pay the men—if not there will be trouble."

"How does it come that a large Company——" began Nettleton ponderously.

"Never mind how it comes," said Lytton. "It's come. We're perfectly sound. We're better than we ever were. It's because we have been putting in better equipment for increased production that we're in this position. But I must have thirty-five thousand dollars to tide over."

"Impossible," said Nettleton impatiently. "This bank has advanced all that it consistently can. A wise conservatism demands that the drain should stop."

"A refusal will jeopardize all the rest if we have to shut down."

"That is always the excuse urged for any wildcat recklessness," said Nettleton obstinately. "I must refuse."

"Then there will be the mischief to pay," continued Lytton. "A great part of the work-people of this town are dependent on us for their support and you are taking the bread out of their mouths——"

"As the President of the bank I must safeguard its interests," the President replied grandly.

"I appeal to you," said Lytton.

"I can't consider it except as a business proposition."

"Mrs. Nettleton," urged the other, "with her interests in the charities of the town will tell you the difference that will be made by the cutting off of the pay of our Company—the loss to all business——"

"Mrs. Nettleton, as you imply, has considerable information as to the charities of the place," the President said severely. "But I do not believe in having women brought into business matters, and what she might say need not necessarily be considered——"

"I shall have to return at once to give my associates your answer—to try to get the money somewhere else," Lytton went on as he made for the door.

"Oh, you can surely do something," Nettleton continued more earnestly as he rose and followed him. "You can arrange in some way. The situation can't be as bad as you indicate."

But as the President advanced he was met by a door shut hurriedly in his face. He turned and walked slowly back to his chair. The firmness in his face had changed to a look of doubt. His step lagged heavily. Determinedly as he had spoken to Lytton he could not but feel that there was uncertainty as to the wisdom of his decision. The bank had money to lend. The Continental Company was the great business concern of the town. He sank heavily into his place—perplexed and a little dismayed. Suddenly he felt strangely helpless and alone. Then he consoled himself with the bank president's panacea. He had done the "conservative" thing, and no one could blame him. To be sure, it had

been the easy thing. He had followed the course requiring no judgment, only mere adhesion to routine; but he had been "conservative," and what more was to be said.

The moments dragged heavily in the President's office. He felt an oppression which could not be shaken off. The confidence with which he habitually carried on the morning's work was in a degree lacking. He found himself unusually and strangely doubtful and uncertain. When he heard the door open again he looked up with a sudden feeling of real dismay. This time three men were admitted and three persons came forward until they stood in a row on the opposite side of the desk. About the more respectable looking there were signs that unmistakably indicated politics, shading off in the less creditable of the three into easily recognizable marks of a certain type of "sport." The first wore a frock coat that was something of a survival, while the last had a waistcoat the like of which may be found on almost any fine afternoon before any cigar shop.

"Ahem!" began the first.

Nettleton nodded recognition.

"Mr. Nettleton," the speaker continued, "this is a committee of which I am the spokesman come to ask if you will accept the nomination of our party for Congress if it is made by acclamation."

Nettleton's eyes brightened. His backbone took a straighter line. He smiled benignly. A swift look of triumph passed across his face which rapidly became one of condescension. He felt better now. Other conquests and victories had been his—but hitherto political laurels had been denied him. Like many another successful man, in his soul was the secret longing for "public office" and for "public life." But hitherto he had missed both, and now—a nomination by acclamation!

"Gentlemen," he faltered, "this is most unexpected."

"The Convention meets to-morrow morning and if we spring it on them we're sure to carry it through," announced the man next to the spokesman, who was a blend of the other two.

"But, Mr. Spranger, I can hardly understand your coming to me," said Nettleton, looking at the man who had first spoken.

"The truth is—an' it's sometimes best to speak it out," replied the man—"we want you as whitewash."

"What!" gasped the astonished Mr. Nettleton.

"There has been a great outcry of late—and it's for our advantage to put it down. No man is more respectable than yourself, an' if it's worth your while to have the nomination it's ours to give it to you. As you're aware, your own wing of the party—the silk stockings—can't do anything for you, and wouldn't if they could. If you'd like the place we've got it to offer."

"I—I don't know," replied Nettleton feebly. The demands of the day had been great, and he did not feel the same assurance in reaching a decision which he had earlier.

"There's no time to lose. We've got to have 'yes' or 'no' at once, Mr. Nettleton."

The President frowned as was his habit while he twisted his watch-chain nervously. There certainly is nothing poetic about politics, and yet the fancy and vision of a poet are not greater than the quick imaginings of the aspirant in public life. He sees himself surely mounting higher and higher—to the highest, and so it was with Nettleton. The light was in his eyes—he fluttered toward it. For a moment he felt himself wishing that Cynthia were in Chappaqua, as had always been the case before, so that he could telephone to her. But as he reassured himself, it did not make any difference for he always made up his mind. What if she were away. He could reach a decision as well. He would decide.

"Yes," he said desperately, holding on rather tightly to the arm of his chair.

"That's all we want to know," said Spranger. "Come on, boys. There's nothing for you to do," he said to the President as he passed out with the party through the door, "until you hear from us."

When he was again alone Nettleton rose impatiently and placed himself on the hearth rug with his back to the glowing grate. The position was one which he had always felt was a commanding one. But something of the security of it seemed gone. Instead of standing in calm quietude he began restlessly pacing the room. He could not understand what rendered him so perturbed. Certainly nothing had happened that could occasion anxiety. In fact several matters had been most satisfactorily settled. He believed that he could pride himself upon the prompt way in which he had got rid of an undesirable son-in-law. Of course, if Cynthia had been at home he should have felt bound in such a matter to speak to her. That she had not been was perhaps as well, for she had seemed to fancy the fellow. And the case of the loan. The extent to which the bank had been aiding the "Continental," he assured himself, was really dangerous. When the last loan had been arranged he remembered that he had mentioned the fact to Cynthia and she had encouraged his making it. Again her absence might be fortunate. Not, of course, that what she would say would have affected his decision; but there is often an unconscious influence, and it was best in all matters that his judgment should be left absolutely free. As to the nomination—there was a triumph.

MR. ANDREW NETTLETON

His own section of the party had always disregarded him, and now they should see that he was not without political consequence—must understand that he was a person with whom they must count. He should have satisfaction in announcing the news to Cynthia in the evening. She had always discouraged his political aspirations and now she should see how they had been justified.

Still he felt a vague uneasiness—a pervading unrest that disturbed him. The ability to apply himself to any task was lacking and he continued to walk the floor.

II

THE hour for luncheon was always a period of satisfied repose for Nettleton. Usually—and contrary to the habits of the other potentates of the place—he had the automobile come to the bank and was whirled up Appalachian Avenue to his own huge mansion to feast in the big dining-room with Cynthia across the table from him. On these occasions he was accustomed to recount the occurrences of the morning and announce the requirements of the afternoon. But occasionally he would telephone that he was not coming home and go to the café of the great hotel where all the "solid men" of the place were in the habit of assembling at one o'clock. Cynthia was away, and he was perforce driven on this occasion to the garishness of the "palm room" with the eyes of all his business associates upon him and their distracting conversation in his ears. How could he set his mind at rest in such surroundings! A calm half hour with Cynthia he felt would have completely restored his equanimity and given him a chance to "think things out."

He had barely seated himself, unfolded a napkin and given an order with unnecessary abruptness to the hovering head waiter when he was obliged to get up. A lady at luncheon with a party beckoned to him and unwillingly he rose and moved toward her. That she was taking a liberty in summoning one of his importance he felt, but she was one of the very great personages of the place and reluctantly he obeyed.

"Mr. Nettleton," she demanded when he stood beside her, "will Nelly be back this evening? I want her for a dinner."

"Nelly," he said somewhat startled. "She isn't away, Mrs. Smithson."

"But she is," the lady insisted. "I took some people to the noon train and I saw her in the waiting-room of the station. Mr. Willis was with her. Where was she going?"

"I don't know. I don't understand," stammered the amazed Nettleton. "Ah, yes. I did hear her say something about a luncheon with the Milsoms at Rosedale," he corrected himself. "She will, of course, be here."

"I'll telephone to her," said Mrs. Smithson, smiling on him.

Nettleton returned to his table the helpless victim of many assailing emotions. Perplexity at first was predominant—rapidly succeeded, however, by a growing fear. Why should Nelly have been at the station? What reason was there for her being there with Willis. The explanation which Nettleton had lamely given did not satisfy him, for he was aware that there was no form of social penance which Nelly dreaded as she did going to the Milsoms for any reason. He hesitated at the possibility of a conclusion that had quickly formed itself in his mind at the first. Could it be that with his refusal the headstrong young people had really taken the affair into their own hands. He rose hurriedly from the table, the astonished waiter gazing after him and the people at the other tables turning to look as he hastened away. In a moment he was in the telephone booth and was speaking to his house.

"Tell Mrs. Garland—oh, it's you, Matilda," he said to the ancient aunt who lived with the family and acted as a housekeeper. "What's Nelly doing to-day?"

"I don't know, Andrew," answered the elderly lady plaintively.

"You ought to know," he said sharply.

"It isn't possible for me to keep track of her with all her carrying-on. She went downtown in the automobile this morning and that's the last I saw of her."

"Did you notice anything unusual?"

"I don't know that I did," said the speaker calmly. "I did find a piece of paper on her dressing-table. It just said, 'You will understand. Nelly.'"

"Why in—thunder didn't you tell me at once?"

"I didn't think it was anything," the elderly relative announced querulously.

Nettleton hung up the receiver abruptly. There could no longer be any doubt about it. The foolish girl had run away with the fellow. In his pride he would have wished anything rather than that. And what should he do now? The predicament was bewildering. He sat down in helplessness, contemplating the situation. He confessed to himself that he did not know which way to turn. Then a thought came to him which seemed an inspiration. He sprang to his feet. He crossed the hall of the hotel to the telegraph desk and hurriedly scrawled a few words on the yellow blank.

"*Mrs. A. Nettleton,*
Care Rev. Mr. John Owen,
Albion, Conestoga County.
"Come back on earliest train. Most important. Must see you at once. *A. N.*"

He gave orders to have the dispatch "rushed." Then he made his way out of the hotel and along the street. What should he do? When people were missing the police were always notified. The idea took form in his mind.

And here Nettleton definitely lost his head. For some reason the machinery of his mind appeared suddenly to get out of order. The regular beat of his thoughts and the steady movement of his reason were unaccountably disturbed. It was as if the balance-wheel were missing and everything had broken down in helpless confusion. He reached the bank almost on a run. Again he sought the telephone. This time police headquarters was the place he called.

"Captain Clark, is that you?" he demanded.

"Yes, Mr. Nettleton?"

"Yes," gasped Nettleton. "My daughter has eloped. I want you to find her for me."

"Are you sure?" demanded the startled Captain of Police, in whose view such a course of conduct on the part of so distinguished a young lady as Miss Nettleton was inconceivable.

"There is no doubt about it," cried the distracted father.

"I'll come and see you at once," the Captain answered. "Or, no, you had better come here."

Once more Nettleton was in the street. He hurried on, yet quickly as he went, and absorbed as he was, he could not help noticing a distinct coldness in the manner in which he was greeted by several whom he passed. When he saw old Mr. Crenshaw as he approached step in the gutter and cross the street in the middle of a block unquestionably to avoid him, the conclusion was forced upon him that something was wrong. Excited as he was—so greatly did he prize his popularity—he could not help being led off temporarily on the new scent of trouble. He could not keep himself from turning to track down this new misfortune.

"What's the matter with you?" he said with unwonted abruptness, halting the first acquaintance whom he met.

The man examined his shoes, then looked up vaguely at the top of the only sky-scraping building of the town.

"Why, the truth is we've been hearing things about you and I thought a meeting might be awkward. This news that you've gone in with the Spranger gang has made us sour. The election for President of the Historical Society is for to-night and you're going to be defeated. Crenshaw will be put in your place."

Nettleton stamped and frowned impatiently. The Historical Society was nothing for which he really cared. He considered it, however, a part of his appanage, as belonging to his position, and he was unwilling to lose even that small constituent of his grandeur.

"You understand, your respectable friends don't like it—you're going back on them."

"I'll see about this," he said. "I'm in a hurry now."

He hastened on. His interview at police headquarters was not long. The Captain promised to do all that could be done.

"And I'll keep it as quiet as I can," he said as he stood with Nettleton at the door.

On his way back to the bank he stopped at the telegraph office on the opposite corner. He wrote, this time, with even greater haste, and the cashier of the bank who had held his post for twenty years would have hesitated about swearing to the handwriting. The address was the same as in the former dispatch:

"You must come back at once. Most urgent and necessary. Cannot get on without you. Take earliest train possible."

Then he hastened to the bank and sent for a time-table. He ran down its complicated columns with eager attention. There was a through train but it did not stop at Albion. The train Cynthia had expected to take would not bring her in until eight in the evening. But there was another by which she could arrive at six-ten. If she got his last telegram in time there was one by which she could get to Chappaqua at five-thirty-five.

As he reached this conclusion the office door opened. Cranny, the venerable cashier, entered.

"Hold on," cried Nettleton. "I can't attend to anything. I am too busy."

"It's very important," continued the other with the calm persistence of an old and valuable employee. "Mr. Lytton was here. He could not wait. He said he wanted to warn you. As an explanation to his workmen he said that the bank—that you—wouldn't let him have money to pay them. They've got an idea that they are being robbed by 'Capital,' and that you, as representative of 'Money Interests,' are doing them a wrong. There may be some sort of a demonstration against you. At least Mr. Lytton said you had better not venture out at present."

Nettleton groaned. Driven from the streets of his native town! He sat bewildered and a little cowed.

The telephone rang. He took up the receiver apprehensively.

"This is the office of the Evening Inquirer," he heard.

At the same moment Cranny again appeared in the doorway.

"There are reporters here," he announced grimly, "from the Chronicle and Advertiser who insist on seeing you at once."

The following hours appeared a blank to Nettleton—a haze shot through with flashes of excruciating doubt and dismay. But in times to come he strove not to think of them—to forget the nightmare torture of that afternoon. He remained in his office because he could not think of any other place to go. He did nothing for the reason that he could not make up his mind what to do. The avalanche of complications that had suddenly descended on him held and crushed him down. Every few minutes he looked at his watch counting the time until his wife should arrive. Then as he turned to resume his tramp up and down the floor the door opened and—she entered.

"Cynthia!" he cried, taking a step forward in his surprise.

"Andrew," she answered, hurrying to him.

"How did you get here at this time?" he gasped.

"I drove over to Hollowhill and took the express."

"You received my telegram?"

"No," she said.

"Then——" he began.

"I didn't feel easy about you," she explained. "I wanted to get back. I thought that there might be something wrong."

Instead of resenting this as he would have been inclined to do at an earlier day—even at an earlier hour—Nettleton sank down on a chair helplessly and looked at her.

"There is a good deal wrong," he admitted.

"I knew it," she said firmly. "I never should have gone. Oh, Andrew," she continued reproachfully, "what have you been doing?"

Nettleton showed no signs of indignation. Instead, he continued to look appealingly at her and sneezed violently.

"There," she cried, "I knew that you'd wear your light overcoat. I should have been here."

"Cynthia," said Nettleton, "Nelly's gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed his wife. "Gone where?"

"Eloped," he answered dismally. "Eloped with that beggarly painter. He came here this morning and I turned him out of the office for his impudence."

"Andrew," said his wife severely, "now I understand. But you didn't know. Mr. Willis is a very famous person. He never takes an order for a portrait for less than five thousand dollars. The greatest people consider it an honor to be painted by him. Besides, he has means of his own."

"Well," said Nettleton abashed. "If it wasn't for the notoriety of the elopement and my having put the police on their track——"

"What!" cried Mrs. Nettleton. "Tell them at once that it is all right—that they are found. Do it. Do it," she exclaimed, and as Nettleton grasped for the handle of the telephone and twirled it rapidly she explained. "They came to me. They were going to elope. I suppose because you made Mr. Willis believe that they could not be married. But they knew I was at Albion, and I've brought them back with me and there can be a proper wedding."

"All right," said Nettleton thankfully.

After he communicated with the police he turned again and looked at his wife.

"Is there anything else?" she asked with some sternness.

"Well—yes," answered Nettleton guiltily. "A little political difficulty——"

He paused as Mrs. Nettleton listened uncompromisingly.

"Spranger was in with two others as a committee to offer me the nomination by acclamation for Congress."

"Of course you refused at once," commented Mrs. Nettleton.

"I accepted," he acknowledged doubtfully.

Silence appeared to Mrs. Nettleton to express sufficiently her state of mind.

"And," he floundered on, "I've met a number of our friends and they have avoided me. They are going to make Crenshaw president of the Historical Society and the Chronicle will have an editorial to-morrow morning denouncing me as a traitor."

"And don't you see," continued Mrs. Nettleton with what was remarkable acerbity, "the Governor is about to appoint some one to fill out Mr. Ranney's unfinished term in the Senate. I feel—I know that he was going to appoint you. But now with this it is impossible."

Nettleton groaned.

"What can I do, Cynthia?" he asked abjectly.

"Let me think," she said gazing at the floor while he looked desperately at her.

The late autumn day was drawing to a close and the light was falling in the office. The room was very quiet except for the ticking of the clock and the sputter of the fire. If, however, both had not been so absorbed they would have heard a growing noise and clamor outside.

"You must," she said suddenly, "send for Spranger and tell him that you wish to withdraw. That you want as little said as possible. That you will give ten thousand dollars toward the campaign fund."

"Ten thousand!" feebly remonstrated Nettleton.

"What's that?" she asked, holding up her hand.

Listening, he caught hoarse cries and a growing turmoil.

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed, going to the window. "There is a crowd. They have stones in their hands. I—I—think they are going to break the windows of the bank."

"It's the working people from the Continental Mills. I forgot to tell you. Lytton came this morning. He wanted more money. I refused to advance it. He couldn't pay his hands. He told them it was because the bank would not give it to him. What's that?" cried Nettleton, drawing back hastily. "What's that they're saying?"

"They are calling you 'capitalist' and 'robber.'"

"What an absurd idea," he fumed.

"Still, it's the idea they have," she went on. "Oh, Andrew, you shouldn't have done it."

"I couldn't have given Lytton more consistently," cried Nettleton. "No conservative bank would permit it."

"When they are going to have that contract from the Russian Government——"

"But I don't know they are——"

"They are. I *feel* they are," she insisted decidedly. "If I had only been here."

Outside the calls increased—the noise redoubled.

"You must do something," she insisted.

"What?" he demanded helplessly.

"Open the window and tell them that it's a mistake. That the bank is going to give the Company the money."

Nettleton hesitated.

"Hurry, Andrew," she said gently but positively.

Nettleton threw up the sash boldly. His appearance was hailed with a great shout. Holding up his hand he enjoined silence.

"What is all this disturbance? What do you want here?" he asked.

"We want our rights," came from various parts of the agitated throng. "We don't want others keeping the money that belongs to us. Let the bank help the town. Out with it."

"It's a mistake," called Nettleton. "The bank hasn't anything of yours, but the bank means to make this loan. It has always tried to do what it can for the interests of the place. It always will."

"It'd better," called a man in the foremost ranks.

"The Company shall have the money to-morrow not because of this expression of opinion but because the bank after deliberation and upon—the best advice has found that it is willing to do so."

"All right," cried the crowd jovially. "We forgive you. Enough said."

"And you will disperse," begged Nettleton.

"All right," said the nearest man. "And it's lucky for you it's this way. After we'd finished here we were going to give your house a turn."

Nettleton closed the window and sank back in a chair nervously passing his handkerchief across his face.

"It has been an awful day, my dear," he murmured.

Mrs. Nettleton remained silent.

"I missed you," Nettleton continued. "There were times when I wanted you very much. Really, I think I have made a mistake in not more often asking your advice. I seemed to need it to-day."

"This is the first time I have ever been away," his wife observed, watching him narrowly.

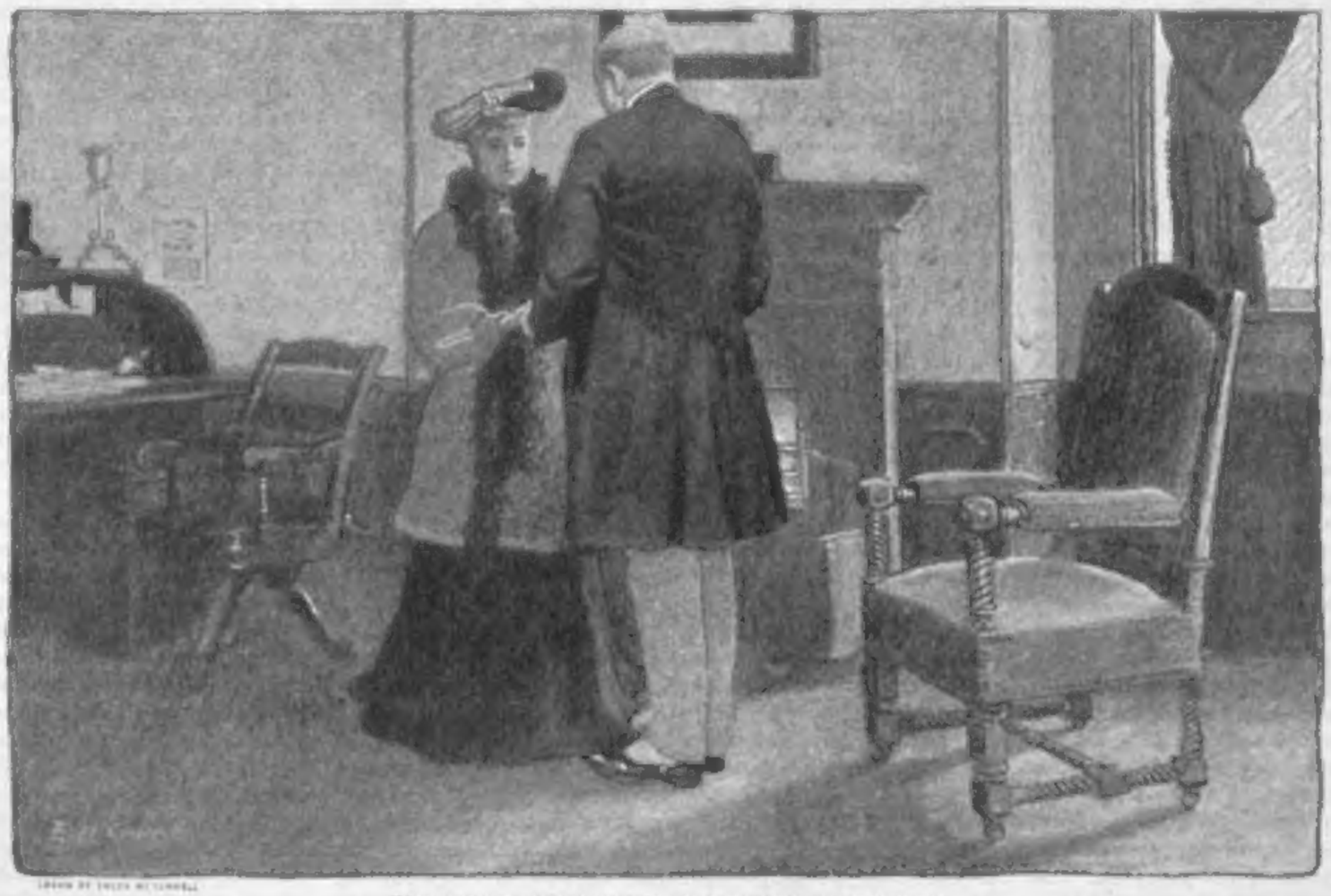
Nettleton thoughtfully put his handkerchief in his pocket.

"True! True! I think you had better not go again," he observed somewhat haltingly. "Cynthia," he said, standing up, advancing and taking his wife's hands, "do you know that I believe I have really always consulted you without realizing it; that it's because I have always been following your advice that I have succeeded as I have."

"Nonsense," she remonstrated, blushing. "Nonsense, Andrew. Of course you always know best."

"Cynthia," said Nettleton, laughing a little nervously, "for once to-day I insist that I am right."

"Nonsense," she repeated almost sharply. "The carriage is at the door. Come home. Nelly and Mr. Willis will be waiting dinner for us."



"FOR ONCE TO-DAY I INSIST THAT I AM RIGHT"

METROPOLITAN JAYS

Pete the Philosopher and Hungry Joe Would Have Laws Passed for Their Preservation

By JAMES L. FORD

ON A certain midsummer night I stood on an upper Broadway corner enjoying the pleasant odors from the excavations—odors which have been familiar to my nostrils ever since I was old enough to be trusted on Broadway—and listening to the utterances of a gentleman known to a wide circle of acquaintances as "Pete." Short in stature, smooth of face and with a cheery, bleary eye which can harden at times into the steely gambler's glitter, Pete is the beau ideal of the metropolitan "fly mug." Since I have known him he has followed in turn the occupations of faro-dealer, bartender, race-track bookmaker, side-show barker, vender of policy slips and ticket speculator. In all this time I have never known him to be really "broke," and he has had triumphant moments in which, to quote his own words, he could "flash a big roll" in the face of a world with which he has done continuous and valiant battle for more years than his face confesses to.

"There's one business I hain't tried yet," said Peter cheerfully as as he returned my pleasant greeting, "and I've half a mind to have a go at it this winter. There's money in it, too, and if I went into it I'd have the advantage of knowing what I was about."

"What business is that, Pete?" I inquired, as I seated myself on a heap of paving stones that was erected at the time of the draft riots and is now one of the most cherished landmarks of the town."

"Municipal reform," replied Peter. "It's about time some fly person like myself took a hand in that. Did you ever notice that whenever any new reform movement starts or the commissioners begin to shake up the captains, that the green goods men are the first to suffer? That's the time we read a column article in the newspapers about how Detective Graft of the Central Office was strolling along Forty-second Street when his attention was drawn to a farmer who was walking toward the depot with a small black satchel hugged in his arms the same as if it was a baby, and how the 'come-on' was locked up in the House of Detention for having his money stole, and the smart people were held in two thousand dollars' bail furnished by a Sixth Avenue property owner. Sometimes when I see such stuff as that in the paper I think the whole town is doped. Detectives don't stroll along Forty-second Street unless they've got something to stroll for, and if they want to find a jay that's been bilked of his roll by any of the old-time grafts they generally know where to look for him. Now if I was a reformer I'd be a genuine one, and the very first thing I'd do would be to sell the green goods and gold brick franchises to responsible parties and let the city get the rake-off instead of the captain of the precinct. Did you ever think what that business would do for the town if it was properly encouraged? Just think of all the money those jays spend in hotels and saloons and theatres, to say nothing of what the smart people get away from them! And every one of them get's caught because he's trying to do up somebody else. The man that buys the gold brick thinks he's doing the Indian that doesn't know the value of it; and the green goods 'come-on' wants to get some counterfeit money so he can go home and do his neighbors and his blind mother, and may be put up a front by dropping some of it in the plate nt church. It's a regular moral agent for the punishment of vice, and that's right. I've seen the time here when they used up all the sawdust there was in the town selling it to farmers in packages. Anyway, with all the crooked work there is going on in this town the green goods graft is the very last thing that the reformers ought to tackle."

The sentiments of the "fly push" of New York ring through every word of Peter's utterance. To men of his class the "come-on," as the greenhorn who comes on to New York to be buncoed is termed, stands in very much the same relation that fish and game do to the sportsman. They should be carefully protected and encouraged to visit New York as often as possible. Now I not only agree with Peter in his views on municipal reform, but I am willing to go a step further and establish a code of game laws for the protection of metropolitan as well as provincial jays.

It was Hungry Joe, one of the most gifted bunco men outside the Stock Exchange that the town has ever known, who said that there was a sucker born every hour, and I happen to know that this artist has long since given up his line of out-of-town customers and gone into the laundry business in New York in order that he may deal exclusively with metropolitans. Now the word "jay" is generally employed to indicate a person of rustic habit, hopelessly out of place in the great noisy city, and therefore the constant victim of the most obvious and transparent tricks that a sharper can devise. It is because of this common acceptation of the term that the impression has gone abroad that all real jays live in the country, while the metropolis is inhabited exclusively by clever, sharp-witted persons whom it is impossible to fool. It is quite true that the bucolic greenhorn is not yet extinct, but it is equally true that in number, variety and gullibility he is not to be mentioned in the same day with the jay who springs from bricks and pavements.

And if my friend Peter succeeds in carrying out his ideas on the subject of municipal reform, I trust that he will pay as much attention to the protection and preservation of the jays of New York as those who hail from the distant parts of the country.

If I were asked to say whom I regarded as the very finest types of the metropolitan jay, I should reply that the choice lay between those dashing young *viveurs* who figure in the press as "bloods" and "club men" and the parents who rear them to lives of idleness.

Fagin was not exactly the sort of man to be intrusted with the bringing-up of children, but he was at least a foe to idleness and did his best to keep his pupils busy at all hours; so that, by and large, he was not much worse than the parent who smilingly tells you that "Willie is to be brought up to be a gentleman, as work doesn't agree with him," and then gives him a latchkey and unlimited spending money at eighteen. I am sorry for the Willies of the town but their parents deserve but little pity. According to Peter's philosophy, they deserve high praise as well as the sort of encouragement and protection that belongs to the judicious game bird who rears each year a large brood of her young that they may serve as food for the sportsman's powder. With the parent birds we have but little to do; but let it be said of them that no year passes that does not see a generation of their sons who have been trained in all the ways of idleness turned loose upon a town that is only too eager to prey upon them.

A year or two—in rare cases four—of university life not only gives Willie a thorough education but also, as his fond parent explains, "brings him in contact with a number of most desirable young men," and the acquaintances thus formed she holds to be of far greater value than any amount of classical, literary or scientific acquirements.

The result of this educational system is quite apparent when Willie makes his appearance on Broadway and is "sized up" by Peter and his kind, including Boaz who is out reaping the rich grain and busy Ruth who is gleaning her harvest. His college mates, peeping with fearsome eyes at the swift-rushing tide of metropolitan life, declare that Willie is "the devil of a fellow," and he himself does not deny that he is "cutting a wide swath" in his progress through the town. Follow the track of this "wide swath" and you will see that it leads up and down Broadway and Fifth Avenue, in and out of cafés and gambling houses, and to and from Saratoga, Sheepshead Bay and other resorts where the money-changers lie in wait. It is a track that carefully chooses the worst in the town instead of the best; that never goes near a bookstore or a decent home; that touches the stage only where it is silly or rotten and never where it is elevating or intellectual; a track that is marked by a lavish distribution of money, so scattered that it passes over the heads of the worthy poor and unfortunate and falls only into scheming, avaricious and unworthy hands.

It is for this that Willie's parents sent their boy to college, where he fitted himself for the rôle of gentleman by avoiding every sort of useful and polite learning, in order that he might become the very flower and fruit of metropolitan "jaydom."

And to describe Willie as merely a jay is a very mild way of putting it, for although the fabled countryman who invests his savings in the thinly-plated cube of baser metal could not truthfully be described as a thorough-paced man of the world, he is a veritable Prince Demidoff, Rawdon Crawley and Major Pendennis rolled into one in comparison with the young New Yorker of wealth and fashion who has the reputation of being the "very devil of a fellow." He is indeed the "very devil of a fellow" as many a keen-faced faro-dealer and race-track sharp can testify. Who else would stake so much on the whirl of that educated roulette wheel that never fails to stop when it is told to? Who else would snap so easily at the "good things" of the race-track or drop thousands by backing "Kid Laydown" in his great fight with "Gentleman Chin"? He is not only the "very devil of a fellow" to his college mates but a "thoroughbred with sporting blood to his fingers' tips," to quote the words of the well-dressed, white-handed and pasty-faced parasites and steely-eyed, low-spoken gamblers who slap him consolingly on the back when he is feeling blue over his losses.

For some reason which I cannot explain the further up we go in the social scale the denser the "jayness" becomes, and so it happens that there is no more brilliant or striking group in all metropolitan jaydom than that composed of certain men and women who affect literature and the arts and whose ambition it is to be looked upon as leaders of the fashionable intellectual set. These *soi-disant* intellectual leaders are divided into different cliques, some of them "going in for" the advanced drama, others for Russian literature, and still others for mediæval art.

There is certainly an infinite variety in the poses assumed by these strutting jays, but there is one characteristic which they all have in common, and that is in keeping at the very tail end of the artistic and intellectual procession. Let a new writer appear and it will not be until long after everybody else in the town has ceased to regard him as a novelty that these leaders of fashionably literary jaydom will ever hear of him. An actor can come up from the variety stage, make himself a favorite with the great mass of the people, acquire a competency and retire to private life without even making known his presence to the men and women who fancy that they "dominate thought" and "lead artistic taste in New York's most brilliant circles."

But with a suitable bell-wether these fashionably intellectual jays can be safely herded, at least as far as the foothills of Parnassus; for they have gods whom they blindly follow even though they be false ones. Many of these gods I have come to know by sight and with one or two I have actually held converse. Some are tall, some are short, some are men, some women, but not one of them that has not some striking peculiarity of dress, manner or visage. One of them has become the recognized authority on the advanced drama and the literary lore of Iceland simply because of his extraordinary growth of hair and eyebrows. Another—a dark alien of forbidding aspect—is a successful purveyor of a certain copyrighted brand of religious thought, and is listened to with rapt attention because he does himself up in innumerable yards of white muslin before addressing his followers. Still another has become a noted drawing-room authority on municipal reform and the condition of the inhabitants of what he calls the "congested district"—a splendid term that, for chromo-intellectual circles—simply because he has an extremely high collar and what his following of jays call a "noble brow."

And as the prophet of abnormal aspects is always sure of a following in these circles, so is it far easier to awaken an interest in something queer, outlandish or foreign than in that which is simple, normal and well within the comprehension of the average man or woman. No one ever heard of these people listening to an address on the English language, on the works of Hawthorne, Irving or Poe, or on such dramas as Uncle Tom's Cabin and Rip Van Winkle, but an Ibsen matinée or a talk on some deadly topic like the Folklore of Iceland, or Danish Literature in the Seventeenth Century, will bring them all out of their holes. An Ibsen matinée is a far stronger attraction than any of these, because it affords

them all admirable opportunities to look wise in regard to a form of drama which they are absolutely incapable of comprehending.

And yet there is such a fascination in the study of Ibsen's dramas, of Uncle Tom's Cabin, Rip Van Winkle or any play that ever outlived its copyright; in the reading of Hawthorne, Irving or any one else that ever told a story well in good English, that I cannot help feeling sorry for the jays who are humbugged into other channels of what they call thought, by the charlatans who profit by their greenness. But the man done up in cotton cloth, the woman who injects culture, and the man with the mop head who chatters about Iceland are as grateful for the presence in New York of this group of jays as Peter and his tribe are for the dashing and accomplished young *viveurs* from whom they make their living. Indeed, I often wonder why these frouzy charlatans of art and culture do not unite with the Peters of the town, and secure legislative enactments placing jays of all kinds under the protection of the game wardens.

Still another class of jays, and a far larger one than any that I have yet named, are those who are influenced by the innumerable cheap social "bluffs" with which so many persons flaunt their way through the town. Jays of this class are impressed by tricks so transparent and cheap that one marvels at the audacity of those who resort to them. Let a man drink a pint of champagne with his dinner in a public restaurant every day for a fortnight, and the jays of the town will be running breathless through the streets calling upon Allah to witness that this man is a multi-millionaire and possessed of every grace and accomplishment, for have they not with their own eyes seen him "opening wine" with lavish hand in the full sight of all men? And when we reflect that this can be accomplished by an expenditure of less than twenty-five dollars, we gain some idea of what a skillful and cold-blooded scoundrel could do with the jay element of New York were he to make a business of it.

I have known a man to walk up the steps of one of the great houses on Fifth Avenue and ring the bell, simply for the sake of making some chance acquaintance believe that he was on visiting terms there. And I have seen these jay acquaintances gazing open-mouthed as he performed this wonderful feat, and I have subsequently heard them declare in awe-stricken tones that Blank was "a great society man and knew all the Four Hundred."

Of an intensely practical if not mercenary turn of mind, it always pleases me to see some skillful "bluff" utilize this metropolitan jayness in commercial fashion and turn it to profitable account. For this reason I am always pleased when I hear that some cheap dude has "staggered society," as the papers put it, by opening a shop for the sale of boutonnières, or that some sharp-witted woman, taking into consideration her enormous acquaintance among the members of the Four Hundred, has decided to open a "society manicure shop" where she is willing to trim all comers—plebeians as well as aristocrats—as close as they will allow.

I love to hear such artless chat as this because it carries with it assurance that the jays in the town are increasing and multiplying without the protection of the game laws, and that there will be for many years to come an abundant harvest for the man done up in white muslin, for honest Peter, for Ruth the gleaner, and all the rest of the philosophers who believe in utilising the waste products of the earth.

An important class of jays, and one that does not seem to need the protection of the game laws, is composed of those who late in life develop a mania for bric-à-brac, old furniture, or paintings. The artistic jay of this class prides himself on "knowing what he likes," which is a very good thing in itself, and would be much better for him were it not that the dealers have come to know what he likes a great deal better than he does and plan their assaults on his pocketbook in accordance with their knowledge. A great many dealers in bric-à-brac have moved to remote and particularly grimy quarters of the town since learning that this type of jay loves to buy things in what he calls "quaint, out-of-the-way shops," whose proprietors he firmly believes know less about the old junk business than he does. He does not know it, but those shops with their dusty Connecticut samovars and Trenton pottery are not half so quaint as he is.

But there is a class of jays larger than any that I have yet named, and extending through every grade of metropolitan society, that may be known now by its sadness of face and the crape upon its arm. It is the class that for the past five years has been pouring every dollar that it could rake and scrape together into the ever-open maws of the Wall Street Boaz, Peter and Hungry Joe. It is the class upon which those shrewd financiers have unloaded innumerable shares of "balloon preferred," "consolidated wind" and "common steal." It is a class for whom "industrials" were specially created, a class that in point of open-mouthed credulity, eagerness to be fleeced and general jayness has no equal.

THE LAST CHANCE

By BRAND WHITLOCK

WHEN Harris turned off the little street, with its cottages still asleep behind the budding trees, he expected to find the lot laid out and the canvasmen driving the stakes, but the commons sprawled flat and bare, the morning mists still rolling waist-high on them. It was a little disappointing. It had been years since he had reached the lot before the boss canvasman; the boy whom cuffs and kicks could scarcely keep awake had done it in the old wagon days, but the star, who rode with the show for five hundred a week and owned his own two horses, had left his berth only in time to show Nick and Nigger in the parade. Nick and Nigger had gone, with all the rest. Of course, he had only himself to blame; he knew the verdict of many a dressing tent where his name still lingered, and he knew that it was just.

After a while the light that had been burning in some kitchen far across the lot went out; the woman there could see to get her man's breakfast now without its aid. Then suddenly he saw a figure, and he knew it at once for Gibbons'; the boss canvasman loomed huge as ever in the dawn, as he stood for a moment looking over the ground, and when he took a quick step forward Harris knew that the lot was already laid out in his mind. He came up to Gibbons in the middle of the commons, but the boss canvasman, with his cynical indifference to the existence of every one not of the show, did not notice him.

"Howdy, Nick?" ventured Harris.

Gibbons looked up, peered intently from under the wide brim of his hat, and when recognition replaced the resentment in his little eyes, he could find nothing but oaths with which to declare his surprise. But even oaths, from a showman, were good to Harris.

"I've joined the trick," he explained.

Gibbons stuck the stake with the blue ribbon into the ground, and then to his first assistant, who had arrived with the laying-out pins, he said:

"There's your big top; the menagerie top back that way—use six poles—the side-show and the ticket-wagon yonder; the horse-tents and the cook-tents over there. It's easy; you won't have to squeeze."

Harris was glad the grounds were big, for Gibbons was good-natured when he didn't have to squeeze.

"You'll find a lot of the old kinkers with us," Gibbons said, giving the tape to his assistant. "Mills, and Bailey, and Hi Martin, and Conley, and old man Laflin."

"He here?"

"Sure, him and the whole family."

Harris yearned for the gossip of them, but the boss canvasman of the side-shows, the boss hostler, the boss animal man, the boss candy butcher, all the bosses, were coming up. Down at the far end of the lot four horses were patiently straining at the cook-wagon, always the first to arrive; then in the same old order came the stake-and-chain wagon, the pole-wagons, the canvas-wagons, the jack-wagons and the plank-wagons. The sun was coming up, the lot was crowding full, the canvasmen were swarming everywhere, their sledges flashing in the sun; the air was filled with shouts, the neighing of horses, the rattling of chains; far away near the corner of the lot the elephants were trumpeting, and blowing water over each other from the hydrant that gushed a yellow stream into the gutter. Men were running, unrolling the tremendous canvases; one after another the stately blue centre-poles rose into the air, their guy-ropes marking enormous angles against the sky. And amid it all stood Gibbons, like a general, stretching out his great arm, pointing here and there, directing the swift building of the city he had taken down six hours before and would raze again when night fell, to build it up anew half a hundred miles away. Harris hung around, like any outsider, watching the work go on. The order, the discipline, the efficiency, familiar as it all was, amazed him afresh; it had an appeal for him almost poetic, and he glowed in the thought that once more he was to have his part in it. He found himself gradually making for the cook-tent; he was hungry, and it was there, he knew, that the performers would appear. The black chef, cross and sleepy, was impatiently waiting for his fire, his scullions blowing the charcoal into a blaze. Harris was thinking of reporting and getting his meal-ticket when suddenly he saw her. She walked slowly, in the same old graceful way, her figure as young as ever, her head bent in the thoughtful attitude he remembered as well as he did the walk; she wore the same kind of close-fitting dark habit, the same kind of little hat. She had almost reached the cook-tent before she looked up. He saw her surprise and the pain that came into her eyes.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I'm back."

"Why couldn't you have left me alone?"

"It isn't that," he said. "I've got another chance, that's all—the last, of course."

Something in the appeal he got into his tone softened her.

"So you've caught on? How did you work it?"

"I don't know exactly. I had a letter from the old man; I suppose he was sorry for me. He said to come on at once and I caught the show here. He offered fifty a week."

His eyes were fixed on the little hole he was boring in the turf with the toe of his shoe. She saw that the shoe, damp from the wet grass, was broken at the side. She took him in while he stood there—the thin coat, the faded shirt, and the cravat's pitiful attempt to hide the frayed collar. The little switch in his hand recalled the slender cane he used always to carry so jauntily, but what moved her was that his hair was touched with gray.

"I didn't mean to be hard on you, Owen," she said; "only I was getting along in my own way, and I didn't want to be stirred up any more."

"I'll let you alone," he said, as if she had asked him for a pledge.

"There's no use to talk about that," she replied. "Have you been to breakfast?"

"Not for two days."

It was like him to put it that way, but it irritated her.

"Why didn't you wire for the fare?" she asked, her brow pinched in concern.

Harris looked down again and whipped his leg with his stick.

"Well," he said with a hesitation, "I didn't care to have the old man think—it took my pile to join."

"Oh, you fool!" she said almost angrily. "Come on."

He was touched by their reception. They turned from the long breakfast-table under the tent when they saw him and sprang to their feet—that is, the old-timers did, like Carney the clown, the three Millses, ground and lofty tumblers, and the Laflin family of bicycle riders. They did not ask a question; they fell simply to talking of the old days, and for the most part bemoaning them. They told the younger ones of the deeds of those old days, when Barnum was still alive and made moral speeches at each performance, and old Adam Forepaugh, after reviewing his stock and wagons from his buggy, would sit on the door himself or shell peas in the shade of the cook tent. They told of Don Santiago Gibenois, the contortionist, they celebrated Ben Lusbie, the lightning ticket-seller, and sighed over Romeo Sebastian, who rode in the days when pads were still in use; they talked of elephants they had known, of candy butchers, and of grafters long since dead. And when Hi Martin began his story about Luke Rivers and his Pete Jenkins act, Harris dropped his fork to the red tablecloth, and said:

"Well, I feel at home again."

They all laughed save Gunderson, the equestrian director, whose responsibilities made him surly.

"You hustle over to the wardrobe-wagon," he said, "and rig out for the parade; you'll go in with the riders."

"I can see him working a sucker who joins when he's broke," Harris whispered to Carney as Gunderson gulped his coffee and left.

The cages were drawn up closely in the little street, and Golden, lounging in his saddle like a cowboy, was getting out the parade. When at last it was ready he waved his arm and a whistle blew somewhere. The parade began to string out, in front of them played the band, with sixteen horses drawing the wagon, and old Jerry Leary holding the reins; on the tableau-wagon behind the Kafirs were pounding their savage tomtoms. Harris looked back at the nodding plumes of the horses and the shaking banners of the chariots. The heavy cages jolted, and the horses' hoofs pounded the street; the elephants and camels shuffled stolidly along, sending up a great cloud of dust. Boys ran beside them, frantic with excitement and torn by a conflict of desires, not knowing with which part of the parade to ally themselves, and so trying, by incessantly trotting back and forth, to embrace it all. Far in the rear the calliope was tooting out the Sweet By and By, flatting miserably.

"Well, this is living again!" said Harris, drawing himself up in his saddle and taking in a deep breath. His eyes were smiling out from his tip helmet.

"Look at 'em!" he went on, jerking his head toward the sidewalk, packed to the curb with country folk, and with townspeople no less interested in the parade, though in an affected sophistication they tried to conceal their interest. "The poor guys!"

"What makes you say that?" asked Louise.

"Why," he explained in a tone that was surprised at the need of explanation, "think of the lives they lead! They have to stay in one town always!"

"I've always thought that's just what I'd like to do," she said abstractedly.

"You haven't changed," observed Harris in a reminiscent tone. "You used to say that years ago."

"Well, I mean it. I wish I was one of them."

"You couldn't stand it a week."

"I could, too," she replied with spirit. "You just wait till I can save enough and I'll quit this business! I hate it."

"Well, it's good enough for me," he said. "It beats shoveling coal with niggers, anyway."

"WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, LOUISE?"

She had been sitting her horse statuesquely, her lips compressed, but she started.

"Not that!" she implored, turning toward him.

He gave a little laugh, of a bitter quality, and drawing off his gauntlet showed her the palms of his hands.

"Worse than that," he said.

"Oh, you poor boy!" she exclaimed.

For two weeks Harris, in the long red coat of an object-holder, helped in the ring. The duty was irksome, but it had its compensations. It was enough just then to hold banners for Louise, to watch her in her graceful somersaults, to see her once more crash through the paper of her balloons. But when the afternoon performance was over his serious work began. Then, in stocking feet, an undershirt and an old pair of borrowed tights, he practiced, persistently, patiently, drudgingly, while Carney, with a big lunge-whip, kept up his horse for him. It was kind of Carney, for it meant going without supper, as Harris knew. He did his principal act on a broad-backed mare that had been working in the band wagon, but for his finish he picked out a handsome black, full of crazy whims. Carney shook his head.

"He'll make a swell horse for a finish, but he'll shy."

"Let him shy," said Harris. "I never could do a bounding jockey on a horse that didn't have ginger in him. And then he looks like Nigger. Do you remember him?"

Three days before Harris actually appeared in the ring they had caught up with the new three-sheet posters that had been ordered from Buffalo, but it was not until they rode in the parade on the morning of the great day that he mentioned them to Louise.

"They look as good to me as the first time I ever saw them," he said.

She read the big red letters: "King of the Bareback Riders," and gave a little mocking laugh.

"All right," he said, "but you wait; I've got a scheme. We can practice a new act in the ring barn this winter; I've got it all planned out; it's new and it's great; we can go out with it next season and get the money."

"I'm going to quit the business."

"Well, we can both quit—after another season."

"Oh, it's always another season with us people! We're always saying that next season will be the last!"

"Is it a go?" he asked, leaning toward her and ignoring her complaint.

She pretended to be having trouble with her horse; the animal somehow shied out of line, and she drew it back with all the display of her perfected mastery of the art. Harris waited until she was walking her horse beside him again.

"Well?" he said.

"What did I tell you?" she demanded with a frown.

"You don't trust me," he said, his spirits dashed. "How long will I have to stick it out to make good with you?"

She did not reply.

The people were packed all around the huge oval of the tent, fanning themselves vigorously in the sultry heat. They must have felt vaguely some new quality in the air that might have been so much cooler had not the management kept the side-walls closed at the top in order to drive the spectators to a more feverish patronage of the candy butchers who peddled their tartaric lemonade. Louise had finished her act and at any other time would have dressed and rested, but she remained at the entrance of the dressing-tent, where the other performers were gathered. They were as excited as Harris over his first appearance; they were his real audience; the eyes in the tiers of blurred faces were not the ones for which he cared; that crowd lacked discrimination. Greville, who was to ride in one ring while Harris rode opposite him in the other, was already mounted and ready. No one spoke; they were waiting for Harris. Presently the groom led forth his horse and stood holding it by the white bridle. In a minute Harris appeared. Louise glanced at him nervously; he wore the new suit of green tights on which she had been sewing spangles for three days; his hair was combed in the old way, and its gray did not show at a distance. She imagined that the hand holding the little whip trembled. He looked once at her, and smiled. She smiled back, and nodded. His face lighted up, and he sprang to the mare's back.

"Let her go," he said to the groom.

The Laflin Family had just finished their bicycle riding on the platform between the rings; they stopped with the others at the door, and craned forward anxiously. None of them looked at Greville; and for some mysterious reason the crowds on the seats had eyes only for Harris. His figure may have attracted them; perhaps the concern and interest of the circus folk communicated itself to them subtly, hypnotically. The candy butchers ceased their importunities and stood looking at him. Harris dismounted, rubbed his feet in the resin-box and then, with the acrobat's traditional salutation, sprang to the horse's back. The band struck up; sitting at the crupper he rode several times around the ring; then he rose to his knees, finally to his feet. The object-holders ran out with the long banners, and he vaulted them gracefully; the band increased the time, and Harris urged the mare to a faster gait; he turned his somersaults through the balloons, did all his old-time tricks.

"SO YOU'VE CAUGHT ON? HOW DID YOU WORK IT?"

"He's all right!" exclaimed one of the younger Laflins.

"Wait!" said Berkey the aerialist, still withholding his verdict.

They had mounted for the finish, and Harris was attempting other tricks. They knew them all; they saw that he was making an effort.

"But he's game as ever!" cried one of the women.

"Yes, he's game," said Carney, "but he's a little stiff yet."

"Oh, well, we're all stiff," piped Carney's wife, Madame Cleo; "the season's young; wait till he's worked out."

Harris leaned forward, snatched off the horse's bridle and flung it to one of the attendants; the horse tossed his head in his new freedom. The music mounted to a tempest, and Harris had begun his hurricane hurdle. He took the bars with a "Whoop-la!" to the crack of the ringmaster's whip, a thump of the bass drum and a clang of the cymbals.

"He was always the best bounding jockey in the business!" said Carney.

Harris had leaped to the sawdust and was crouching in the centre of the ring; suddenly he darted forward and sprang; a cry went up around the tent; Louise clasped her hands at her chin. He fell, striking the ring box with a sharp noise, but he got to his feet, limped a step or two, then shouted to his horse, ran, leaped again, gained the horse's back and stood there, poised, his tall figure inclined a little, rising and falling with the movements of the horse. The band was playing, the crowd was cheering, over at the entrance he could see Louise fluttering her hand at him. He folded his arms across his breast, smiling and triumphant, and rode round and round. And this was life again for him.

By the time hot weather came, Harris, though he chose to affect the modesty of an old-timer, knew that he justified once more the bills that proclaimed him King of the Bareback Riders. It delighted Louise to see him, dressed like the fop he always had been, come swinging through the menagerie smiling his old smile, greeting every one, joshing the country folk, and stopping, perhaps, for a chat with Empress, the old elephant he had known long before. The days slipped by and the summer was gone; it was October, the circus was making its migratory way southward with the sun; in December it would finish the season and ship straight back to winter quarters in the little Indiana town which, with a smile that recognized its pathos, they all called home.

One Sunday evening Louise sat on the platform of her car, with Harris on the step at her feet, silently watching the moon come up out of the balmy night. The show had come in that morning, and all through the lazy day the tired workmen slept in the shade of the wagons, or gambled away their wages in the privilege-car, or washed their clothes in the little stream that flowed by the lot.

"Do you remember that night down in Selma, Alabama?" Harris said after a while. "Do you remember what I told you then?"

He did not look at her, but he heard her catch her breath.

"It was a night just like this," he went on. "Do you remember it?"

"Yes," she said softly.

"Well," he continued, "all the time, in those days when I was—down"—he lowered his voice at the word—"I remembered just how you looked that night, and—it kept me from losing hope."

He stopped, looking out at the great tents. It was the first time in months that he had mentioned his dark days.

That was ten years ago," he went on presently, "and I love you now just as I did then

He turned and looked up at her

"I know I'm breaking my promise to you But—haven't I made good?"

Still she did not reply but he saw that her breast was heaving, her eyes shining

"Oh, but you're beautiful!" he said

He looked up at her, and presently he found her hand, and drew her toward him

How much longer have I got to wait?" he asked

She put her head down and laid her cheek against his curls.

"It can be," she whispered, "whenever you say"

It seems too good to be true!" he said after a long silence. "I didn't think, last winter, when I was down on the docks

"Hush, Owen!" She laid her palm on his mouth. "We aren't going to mention those days any more

She did not see him the next morning; she waited for him at breakfast but he did not appear. Nor did he report for the parade; by the time the afternoon performance was called she was in agony; she could scarcely get through her act. Carney saw her distress and asked

"What's the trouble, Louise?"

'Have you seen Owen'

Carney raised the brows that were hidden under the white paint

"No. Why?

"I'm afraid Were you down in the privilege-car last night?'

He shook his head. The crowd, seeing something comic in this conversation it could not hear, laughed vacantly They turned her finish-horse into the ring, and the trumpets blew a fanfare

A moment before his call Harris appeared. He was dressed and ready, but Louise saw the look in the eye that could not meet her own. He vaulted to the mare's back and cut her viciously with the whip She called once

"Owen!"

He did not look back, and Louise waited, fearing to look fearing to listen, but after a while of torturing suspense she knew that he must somehow have got through his principal act because the mare came snorting into the dressing tent, spent and nervous. The suspense increased after that, and when she became aware of a harsh, cruel note in the cry of the crowd, of some wild disharmony in the music of the band, unable to bear it longer she ran out to the ring side Harris was standing up, leaning far over, shouting and whipping madly. Suddenly he flung the whip aside and Louise heard Carney utter an exclamation

Harris swayed giddily and Louise knew what it meant. In another instant she heard a sound that made her faint the sound of a body striking a stake that guyed out a trapeze net She had heard the sound once before. She shut her eyes there was a confused, horrible roar she knew that the crowd had risen to its feet, she felt the rush past of a riderless horse, the clods flying from his hoofs then the band out there in the big tent playing again, and Charlie Deering announcing the concert

At the hospital, Louise tried not to look as they bore him in from the ambulance, but she caught the glitter of the spangles on his green silk tights as his broad chest rose and fell so unnaturally Then upstairs and down the silent halls, past wide doors behind which she had visions of sufferers lying on the clean beds. One glimpse of the white operating-room with its tiled floor and glass tables horrified her. She sat down by a window; below, in the strange city street, life flowed on, heartless, unfeeling, self-absorbed. She could not bring herself to look at the door whose opening she longed for and yet dreaded; now and then she had faint whiffs of the anaesthetic. When the head nurse came, Louise answered her stereotyped questions automatically, and it was not until the white figure had swept away, the heavily starched skirts rattling noisily down the long hall, that she recalled the one human look that had gleamed in the nurse's eyes as she asked Louise if she were his wife. She was bitter for an instant, and then the tears came.

It was a long time before the door opened and an orderly rolled the rubber-tired cart into the hall After that she waited outside the room where an interne and the nurses watched over him She never knew how long she paced the hall, regretting the sound of her own soft footfall, yet unable to sit down. At times she resented the possession they had taken of him and felt that she must force her way in to him. Once she was summoned and she thought they would let her go to him then, but it was a message from Carney, asking how Owen was

Night closed in; the lights were lighted in the hall, the night nurses, coming on to relieve the day nurses, stopped for a moment to laugh and gossip with them Then they brought the supper trays; the odor of food mingled with the institutional odor of the hospital, an atmosphere in which hung vagrant smells of carbolic, of chloroform; now and then from one of the rooms she heard the querulous note of some weak, sick voice, now the cheerier laugh of convalescence. From the room opposite came the thin, insistent voice of a sick child

"Show me the pictures!—

"Well, dear it was a woman's voice—" let's see—oh here's a horse, and a doggie'

'And where's me, where's me?" demanded the little voice with a child's egotism

Here you are, see? Way down here.'

"What'm I doing, mamma?

"Why, you're—let's see you're calling the doggie

Am I, mamma, am I? The little voice was delighted Am I whistling?'

"Yes, you're whistling

Louise formed for herself a picture of the child's home one of those wide houses she so often saw in the residence streets, standing back beyond a sloping lawn, shaded by great trees, the wide-open front door giving her a glimpse of a deep hall, dark and cool. It grew still, the lights were turned low In the stillness from across the town, there came to her the strains of a distant band

After a while a nurse came

"You may go in now," she said. "He has come out from the anaesthetic nicely

She feared to ask more; something in the nurse's manner told her that judgment was still suspended. She went in

"What time is it?" Harris asked, trying to raise his hand to her face

It's late," she said

"Is the show out?"

"Just about; the music has stopped"

"Listen!" he said They're loading

"Yes"

"You don't want to miss the train

Who cares for the train? she said I'm going to stay right by you

He pressed her hand, and under the intoxication of the anaesthetic would have talked on, but she stopped him After a while his excitement subsided; he stirred restlessly with pain, and when he begged for the water they would not let him have, it wrung her heart; finally, to her relief, he fell asleep. The nurse went then for her supper, leaving Louise alone with him. He stirred again, and presently awoke His wide eyes blazed at her a while, and then he said

"We all get it soon or late. I'm glad I got it in the ring

Why, dearest!" she protested

It was no use he went on; "I couldn't hold out. I had no more choice of going off than of anything in the world But since"—his brow contracted in the effort of his thought since that night—when was it?

She had to stop and calculate before she replied

Last night

Was it only last night? Well, it made me so happy you know—I couldn't stand it, that's all

He paused, and then, as if she understood and accepted his explanation, he would have gone on but she tried to distract him

'I've had a message from Jim Carney," she said, stroking his brow. "He wanted to know how you were; every one wanted to know

'Jim's a good fellow. He's the last of the old time clowns. Give him my regards."

He was still a moment, and then he began again.

'I was just thinking," he said, "of that little girl old Lalin took out of the orphan asylum in Madison, Wisconsin. Do you remember? He used to lick her until we all made him stop. We nearly mobbed him. You'd have thought it was a boy mule. Weren't you with us then? Well, he made a good bicycle rider out of her. When I joined this season, nothing made me feel so old as to see her grown up into a woman. Give her my regards; give all of them my regards

She could not keep him from talking, and in her fear she was glad when the nurse came back and beckoned her into the hall

Doctor Norris has just come," the nurse said. "He'll be here in a few moments

The nurse went in, and Louise paced the hall outside again. A half-open door revealed the mother bending over her child, the little invalid had fallen asleep with his big picture book in his arms. Louise felt a great envy of the woman When the doctor came he rubbed his white muscular hands at the tidings the nurse whispered to him examined the clinical chart and went in When he came out he said

He has recovered from the shock I see no reason why he should not come along all right

And will he get well?"

Yes"

Oh!" she sighed in her relief, and then suddenly she caught a look in the eyes behind the thick lenses of his glasses and her fears came back

Tell me the truth!" she demanded

The doctor hesitated

I might as well" It was as if he were speaking to himself He will get well, but—he'll never ride again"

She could not comprehend it at first, and the doctor went on to explain

"He will be able to do anything an ordinary man can, but the injury is such that he will never be able to stand the strain of acrobatics, that is all

"Oh," she said, "he'll be just like Elmo, who hurt his knee leaping elephants,"

Exactly," said the doctor, though he did not understand and no more did he understand the strange light that suddenly brightened her haggard face. The hospital seemed to have changed to a place of peace and joy; life was once more glad and warm

"You're better, dear," she said when she had gone back to his side The doctor says so."

What else does he say?"

"He says you will get well now." She spoke in a light, cheerful voice, and smiled. When she saw that he was eying

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THEY SAW THAT HE WAS MAKING AN EFFORT

The Chewing-Gum Tree

A NEW bureau has grown up in the United States devoted to the study and extension of tropical agriculture. Since the war with Spain this department has become very important. For the corps of experts and their assistants a large structure has recently been built on Twelfth Street at the National Capital, and expeditions are being sent out constantly to various parts of the new tropical possessions of this country Within the past few months discoveries have been made which promise to have a far reaching effect upon commerce. Many unique plants of undoubted economic importance are to be propagated and exploited under the direction of American scientific investigators

Hitherto when rare tropical fruits were suggested, such species as the alligator pear and the mango, already gaining vogue on the American table, have been referred to, but these current expeditions are disclosing a world of other trees valuable for their fruit, their gum, essences, wood and other properties, which, in the main, have until now been unheard of Even conservative scientific men are moved to say that many of these plants are unrivaled in the vegetable kingdom, and in their propagation by modern methods of cultivation they foresee new and very profitable industries

Opportunities are also disclosed for American inventive genius to devise machinery for the manufacture of many of these novel products. Altogether it is, the scientific explorers give assurance, a fertile and practically unexploited and inexhaustible field, alluring alike to adventurous planters, manufacturers and shippers

What American enterprise has done in growing great plantations of bananas and giving world-wide commerce to that fruit will be duplicated, the experts predict, in the systematic cultivation and shipment of many products of tropical trees now utterly unknown to the civilized world

In Porto Rico, for example, there are plants growing wild, and spurned as weeds, which are, in reality, of great economic importance. Aside from their commercial value these newly discovered shrubs and trees are of especial interest to botanists

The botany of the tropics is virtually a new field Prior to 1898 very little attention had been paid to the subject by American experts. In these current investigations, instigated by the Secretary of Agriculture and the Government botanists, it is believed that a new and significant chapter has been begun in the history of the world's husbandry

The fact that ylang-ylang farming is under way, that marvelous properties are disclosed in the cashew nut, that a rain-tree has been found whose effect upon vegetation is similar to that of refreshing showers, that a tree whose fruit is known as the monkeys' dinner-bell has unique economic importance, that a fibre has been found tougher than hemp and which becomes stronger under water, and that hundreds of plants known in only a vague way may be converted to the practical uses of mankind, discloses the scope and purpose of these governmental expeditions

Agricultural scientists are unqualifiedly enthusiastic over the future of the cashew nut Roasted, no other nut can compare with it in delicious flavor, in the opinion of David G. Fairchild, Agricultural Explorer for the United States. "Burnt almonds," said Mr. Fairchild, "are flat in comparison."

The Government believes that American candy manufacturers have a good thing in the cashew nut, and that a big market for it could be created. Mr Fairchild recommends that groves be started at once and that the sale of the nut be pushed. "It is bound to gain in popularity," said he; "in fact, the prospects for the cashew nut are really wonderful"

An exceedingly nutritious oil is obtained from the kernels. It is pronounced by experts to be of the finest quality, equal to almond oil and quite superior to olive oil. Considerable inquiry on the part of manufacturers has already started concerning the methods of preparing this oil, which gives promise of speedily becoming one of the world's great commodities of commerce. In shipping the cashew it is not necessary to resort to refrigeration. The roasted nuts can be packed and shipped in tin cans; without other preliminary treatment, and without the use of preservatives, they will keep fresh for a very long period. A consignment of cashew nuts sent from the West Indies to Boston arrived in first-class condition

Aside from the dietary value of the nut, the plant is found to yield a number of products which undoubtedly will gain great favor in medicine and the arts. From the trunk a gum is obtained which will be of much value to entomologists and horticulturists in their warfare on orchard pests, for scientists have discovered that this gum, which is subastringent, is thoroughly obnoxious to insect life

By tapping the bark a juice is obtained which is coming into use as an ink, and is also used by native artisans in the West Indies as a flux for soldering metals. The bark of the tree will be useful in tanning. The pericarp of the shell of the nut yields an oil called cardol, which is used for coloring and preserving fishing nets. Formed into a tar, it is similarly employed in protecting boats from the action of salt water. Like the gum of the cashew, this oil from the pericarp of the shell is found to be so objectionable to insects that an application of it will preserve carved woodwork and books from the attacks of the predaceous white ants, or termites. If the cashew yielded no other marketable product, this oil alone would make the tree of great value, for the scientific world has been searching for a substance or preparation that would make wood proof against these termites, capable, as they are, of destroying in a single night the stored contents of a warehouse, or the building itself

A mucilage is obtained from the tree which in South America is beginning to be used extensively by bookbinders. Acids and distillations obtained from various parts of the tree are valuable in a great variety of ways in medicine. Stimulants, anæsthetics and lotions are obtained from the tree. One of the oils is regarded as a substitute for iodine

The cashew nut serves a unique purpose as a cosmetic in the West Indies, where women, desiring to remove excessive tan, anoint the skin with an oil from the outer surface of the raw nut. For two weeks the patient must retire from society, for the face and hands so treated turn black. At the end of a fortnight's seclusion, however, the woman who has undergone the cashew treatment emerges, observers state, "with skin and complexion as fair as a babe's"

Scientists connected with the botanic gardens of Jamaica and Trinidad state that in addition to the purposes which the tree's products are known now to serve, the claims for it made by the natives would, if discovered to be well founded, make the cashew one of the most remarkable plants in the vegetable kingdom. The natives make a confection from the nut which they say so stimulates the memory that forgetfulness is impossible. This preparation is thus called "*confection des sages.*" In Trinidad it is believed that a dog equipped with a collar of cashew nuts is immune from rabies. Whether or no there is anything in these native beliefs, the ascertained uses of the tree and its products are so varied and valuable that Secretary Wilson and the botanists of his Department are convinced that the world is on the verge of a great commercial awakening in regard to its possibilities

Although the cashew belongs to the same family as the poison ivy and sumach, it is a handsome tree, reaching to the height of forty feet, and produces a wood valuable in the manufacture of hubs of carriage-wheels, yokes, and other farm utensils. Its large oval leaves give no hint of its classification with the poisonous plants named. The one connecting link is a toxic substance, not distributed throughout the plant, but concentrated in a part of the shell of the nut. This irritant substance is entirely eliminated by heat, and thus the process of roasting the nut is an essential preliminary. Thereafter it is thoroughly wholesome and, as stated, delicious to the taste

One of the tropical fruits which, it is predicted by specialists, is destined to secure a regular place in the world's markets is sapodilla.

With a view to introducing this valuable and novel fruit throughout the United States, Government pomologists have cultivated the tree on the Florida Keys. Many tropical fruits, though extremely palatable, are not adapted to the hardship incident to shipment. In regard to sapodillas, the discovery has now been made that without refrigeration they can stand shipment and remain in good condition for two weeks. By the use of cold storage the possibilities of extending their usefulness and sale will be great.

Planters in Porto Rico and elsewhere will be shown the advantages of raising this crop, for aside from the revenue derivable from the sale of the fresh fruit, the milky juice obtained therefrom by pressure and evaporation yields the material already known commercially as chicle, or gum chicle, which is coming into great demand in the manufacture of chewing-gum. The grower, therefore, would have an alternative resource should the supply of fresh fruit ever exceed the demand

The sapodilla tree, which is a handsome one, grows from twenty five to thirty feet in height. Its leaves are a shining green. The fruit is about the size of a goose egg, the skin is rough and brown, and the appetizing pulp is yellow in color. The seeds, numbering four or five, are black. There are several varieties of the tree, and attention is to be paid to the matter of selection, that the best adapted for shipment may be set out in the projected plantations. Experts say that all that is required to make the sapodilla very popular is to produce the fruit in sufficient quantities to familiarize people of temperate climates with its virtues

The wood of the tree is valuable in itself, being more than ordinarily hard and compact. The grain is fine and has light and dark red stripes

Government scientists call attention to the great opportunities for profit for those who will engage in ylang-ylang farming in the tropical islands of the United States. The attar obtained by a very simple process from the extraordinarily fragrant flowers of this tree sells readily for from forty dollars to fifty-five dollars the pound, and even at that high price the supply is far from meeting the demand

In the Philippines this tree, which belongs to the custard apple family, grows wild, and to some extent has been brought under cultivation also, but there is much room and incentive for its systematic cultivation.

Experts believe that ylang-ylang plantations will be very important industries, for the essence obtained from the tree is already becoming a commercial competitor with the attar of roses obtained from the damask rose of Kazanlik from the Balkans

And Other Growing Money-Makers of the New American Orient

By Harold Bolce

Though attar of ylang ylang sells usually at fifty dollars the pound, it costs only four dollars the pound to manufacture it. No chemicals are required in the process of distillation. In a closed boiler the oil will vaporize at a temperature of two hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit. A simple filtration through talcum then renders the oil ready for market

Seventy five pounds of ylang ylang flowers produce a pound of oil, whereas it requires one hundred and fifty pounds of rose petals to yield an ounce of attar of roses. Thus the yield of ylang-ylang oil is stated as thirty two times greater than that of attar of roses

Mr. M. E. Benil, Chief of the Compilation Division of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, and author of a work on the Philippines, calls attention to the fact that hitherto France and Germany have enjoyed a monopoly of attar of ylang ylang, securing the output of the product in advance by contract. European manufacturers have used the oil as the basic essence of the most valuable perfumes, and America has had to go to the countries named for its supply

It is believed that with the growing recognition of the rich profits in the ylang ylang industry the volume of trade in the product will be diverted to the United States

Government botanists claim that wealth awaits those who will take up plantations in Porto Rico devoted to the cultivation of a tree that is heavier, more compact and more beautiful than mahogany, and which grows more rapidly than that valuable species

The tree is known as the West Indian cedar In addition to being harder and richer in coloring than mahogany, it possesses the very great advantage of never being attacked by insect pests. It is also weather proof. Shingles made of this wood are practically indestructible.

In cabinet work one variety of West Indian cedar is far preferable to mahogany, inasmuch as the grain is finer and the wood easier to work. Moth proof boxes made of this wood are in great demand wherever its virtues as an insect repellant are known Although the wood is shunned by insects, it possesses an extremely fragrant odor, a fact which further recommends its use for certain kinds of furniture and fancy boxes. Its scientific name, *Cedrela odorata* was given to it because of this delicious fragrance

Formerly the tree was abundant in Porto Rico, but has been so recklessly harvested by the natives that it now has to be imported to that island from San Domingo at a cost of one hundred and fifty dollars the thousand feet

The tree is far less delicate than mahogany and will thrive in all kinds of tropical soil

An important industrial future is prophesied for the emajagua, a shrub distributed throughout the warm regions of both hemispheres. Long before the conquistadores of Spain wiped out the civilization of the Aztecs, the fibre of the emajagua was known, but although the plant grows in wild profusion, there has been until now no serious attempt to introduce it to modern civilized uses

The bast of the emajagua produces a fibre stronger than jute, flexible and possessing the very remarkable quality of becoming stronger when submerged in water. The emajagua will respond readily to cultivation. In fact it now flourishes, even in the moist wastes common to many tropical coasts.

A series of experiments, conducted to show the relative strength of various fibres when macerated in water, revealed the remarkable properties of emajagua. A single line of this fibre macerated in water for one hundred and sixteen days was able to sustain a weight of nearly seventy pounds. English hemp and Indian grown hemp subjected to the same treatment were found to be rotten at the end of that period

The power of the fibre to increase in strength under water is regarded by the botanists as a remarkable quality, and emphasis is laid upon its commercial importance.

A further suggestion in regard to this plant is that the fibre shows possibilities for conversion into paper of good quality.

Emajagua plantations could be conducted with little outlay of either capital or labor Replanting would be unnecessary, as sprouts shoot up abundantly from the stumps of cut shrubs. The Government scientists suggest that the methods of cultivation now devoted to basket osiers be duplicated in the growing of emajagua for market.

In the eighteenth century indigo plants were cultivated in the Southern States. In 1794 no less than 1,500,000 pounds were exported, but it was found that competition could not be kept up with tropical countries where three crops can be put in annually. Gradually the American production ceased, and this country now imports $1,600,000 worth of indigo every year. There is strong probability that this trade will return to the United States Government, for it is found that the biennial and annual leguminous shrubs from which indigo is obtained are common in waste places at low elevations in Porto Rico They are there regarded as weeds

There are a number of varieties of indigo producing plants, and in the opinion of investigating scientists many of these could be cultivated with great success in that island An opportunity is also open to chemists to determine which, of the many varieties, yields the most indigo. In India *Indigofera tinctoria* is the species used, whereas in Venezuela and other South American countries *Indigofera añil* has the preference. Careful comparative scientific experiments to determine the relative value of these two and other indigo-yielding shrubs have not yet been made, and that fact has recently been called to the attention of chemists by the United States Government

That Porto Rico may compete with India it is necessary to introduce improved methods of manufacturing indigo. Herein, the Government points out, is a golden opportunity for American inventive genius. Although the process of extraction is quite simple, the injurious effect upon the health of operatives calls for machinery to supplant hand labor The Government specialists are confident that the opportunity presented to manufacturers will now stimulate them to provide machinery for stirring the tanks of fermenting indigo and also for handling the finished product until it is placed in sacks.

There is a marked difference in price between the various grades of indigo, the best selling for one dollar and twenty cents the pound. The average yield is three hundred pounds to the acre

The production of indigo of high quality on a small scale is not often achieved, but with large plantations in the tropical islands of the United States, and especially in Porto Rico, the Government believes that a very profitable industry can be established in the production of the best commercial grades

There is a tree in the tropics known as the rain tree. Natives have long claimed that under its shade grass will grow in wonderful abundance.

Scientific study of the rain tree reveals that the natives were speaking truth Experiments were made with guinea grass planted under this tree. "It is certain," the United States Government experts announce, "that much larger crops of guinea grass can be produced under the shade of the rain tree than in the open."

A further interesting fact in regard to the rain-tree is that its leaves possess the power of independent movement. The scientists found that at sunset the leaves close together, thus allowing dew to form on the grass beneath

With the reappearance of the sun the leaves expand again, and by the time tropical heat has beaten down upon vegetation the protecting foliage has thoroughly screened the grass beneath, effectually checking excessive evaporation

The tree grows very rapidly and the spread of its branches attains a diameter of one hundred and forty feet

In four years from the time of planting the tree will yield abundant shade.

The rain tree is leguminous, and the beans falling to the ground are eagerly eaten by cows, affording them excellent milk-producing food.

An Asiatic tree which gives promise of success transplanted to Porto Rico is the *Litchi chinensis*, one of the important fruit trees of Southern China, British India and the Malay Peninsula. Eminent botanists recommend that this tree be planted by the thousand. One fruit expert states that a person who will start a litchi orchard will have a good lifelong business as his reward. In every fruit dealer's shop in all the large cities of India the litchi is sold in great quantities

Large bunches of strawberries growing on a tree would give an indication of what the litchi looks like. The fresh fruit has a delicious acid flavor, and in the far East is relished by Europeans as well as by the natives, a fact that gives promise of securing a market for the fruit in the United States when grown in the West Indies. Dried, the litchi might be mistaken for raisins, both the appearance and taste being similar

A large specimen of the tree has been successfully grown in the greenhouses of the Department of Agriculture at Washington

In dried form the fruit has already reached this country in small quantities and is sold at fifty cents the quart.

"The monkeys' dinner bell" is the name of a tree in Porto Rico which gives promise of assuming an important place in tropical agriculture. It derives its name from the fact that when the fruit ripens it splits open with a very loud report

The fruit is not edible, but an oil obtained from the seeds is far more effective than castor oil, and lacks the unpleasant feature of that remedy

Though there are abundant opportunities in tropical agriculture for those who will await the growth of crops, there are chances for enterprising men to reap a harvest without preparatory cultivation, in the production of guava jelly from bushes that grow in wild abundance in Porto Rico

O F Cook and G. N. Collins, who were in charge of a recent Government scientific expedition to the West Indies, state that in some districts neglected land is covered for great distances with guava bushes. "There seems to be no reason," they say, "why the manufacture of the justly celebrated guava jelly should not be undertaken on a considerable scale." Economic study of the guava industry has led to the conclusion that the demand for it has been limited only by the fancy prices at which it has always been held. As the amount of available fruit is found to be very large, and free to whoever will take the trouble to harvest it, the margin of profit for those who will lead the way in the manufacture of this jelly on a large scale will, it is believed, be very great

THE BOSS

By Alfred Henry Lewis

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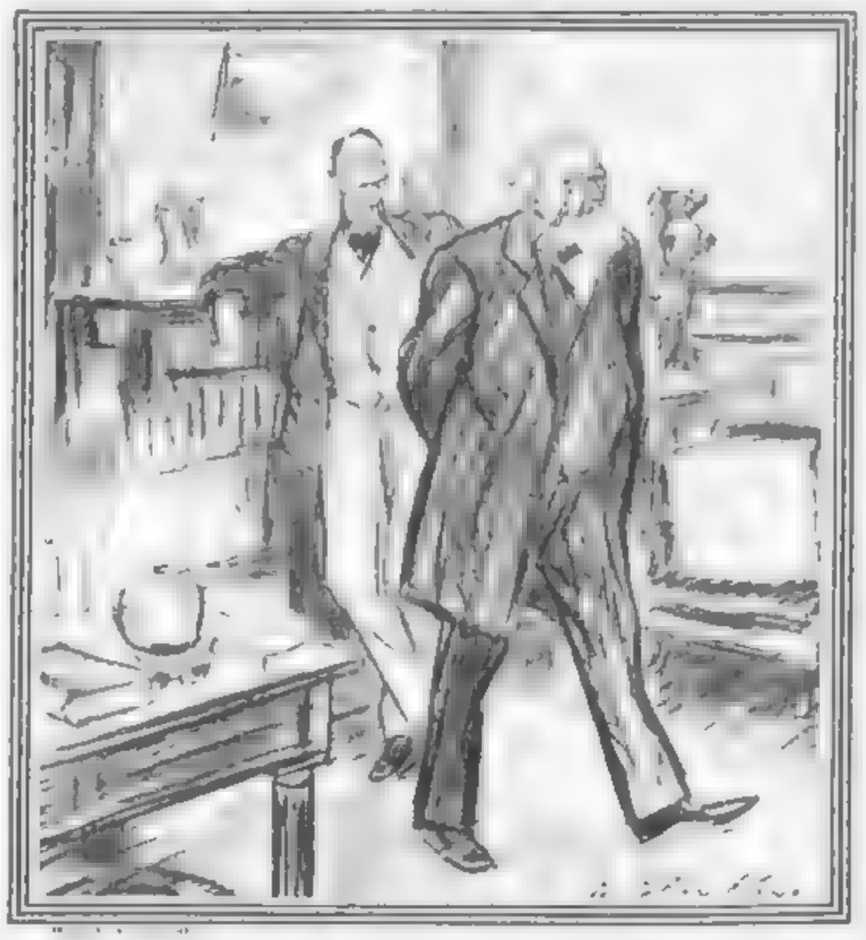

"SIMPLY TURNED HIS BACK UPON ME IN MERITED CONTEMPT"

CHAPTER XVIII—(Concluded)

THE election to the mayoralty of the reputable old gentleman was for me a fortunate upcome; following that victory, my leadership could no more be shaken than may the full grown oaks. Feeling now my strength, I made sundry machine changes of inner sort. I caused my executive leaders to be taken from the assembly districts rather than from the wards There would be one from each, and since there were a greater number of districts than wards, the executive array was thus increased I smelled safety for myself in numbers, feeling, as Big Kennedy had advised, the more secure with twenty than with two. Also, the new situation gave the leaders less influence with the Aldermen when now the frontiers of the one no longer matched those of the other I had aimed at this; for it was my quick effort on becoming Chief to take from others and collect within my own fingers every last thread of possible control. I wanted the voice of my leadership to be the voice of the storm

While busy with the organization, deepening and broadening the channels of my authority, I did not neglect conditions beyond the walls. I sent for the leaders of those two or three septs of democracy which professed themselves opposed to Tammany Hall. I pitched upon my men as lumber-folk in their log driving pitch upon the keylogs in a "jam" I loosened them with office, or the promise of it, and at once they came riding down to me on the currents of self-interest and brought with them those over whom they held command Within the twelvemonth Tammany was left no rival within the lines of the regular party; I had, either by purring or by purchase, brought about the fast one's disappearance. It was a fair work for the machine, and I could feel the swelling confidence of my followers uplifting me as the sea uplifts a ship

There was a thorn with that rose of leadership, nor did my hand escape its sting. The papers in their attacks upon me were as incessant as they were vindictive, as unsparing as they were unfair. With never a fact set down, by the word of these unmuzzled and uncaring imprints I stood forth as everything that was thievish, vile and swart While I made my skin as thick against these shafts as I could, since I might neither avoid nor return them, they pierced me and kept me bleeding, and each new day saw ever a new wound to my sensibilities. It is a bad business—these storms of black abuse! You have but to fasten upon one the name of horse thief and, behold you! he will steal a horse. Moreover, those villifications of ink become arrows to glance aside and bury themselves in the breasts of ones innocent.

Blossom was grown to be a grave stripling girl of fifteen Anne now conceived that she should be taught in a school. She, herself, had carried Blossom to a considerable place in her books, but the finishing would be the better accomplished by teachers of a higher skill, and among children of Blossom's age With that on her thoughts, Anne completed arrangements with a private academy for girls, one of superior rank, and to this shop of learning, on a certain morning, she conveyed Blossom Blossom was to be fitted with a fashionable education by those modistes of the intellectual, just as a dressmaker might measure her and baste her and stitch her into a frock

But sorrow, insult and acrid grief were lying there in ambush for Blossom—Blossom, then as ever, with her fear-haunted eyes. She was home before night, tearful, hysterical—crying in Anne's arms. There had been a cartoon in the papers. It showed me as a hairy, brutal ape, the city in the shape of a beautiful woman fainting in my arms, and a mighty rock labeled "Tammany" in one hand, ready to hurl at my pursuers. The whole was hideous; and when one of the girls of the school showed it to Blossom and taunted her with this portrait of her father, it was more than heart might bear. She fled before the outrage of it, and would never hear the name of school again. This ape-picture was the thing fearful and new to Blossom, for, to save her, both Anne and I had been at care to have no papers in the house. The harm was done, however; Blossom, thereafter, would shrink from all but Anne and me, and when she was eighteen, save for us, the priest, and an old serving woman, she knew no one in the whole wide world

The reputable old gentleman made a most amazing mayor He was puffed with a vanity that kissed the sky. Honest, and by nature grateful, he was still so twisted as to believe that to be a good mayor one must act in an inhuman way.

"Public office is a public trust!" cried he, quoting some political abstractionist

The reputable old gentleman's notion of discharging this trust was to refuse admittance to his friends while he sat in confab with his enemies. To show that he was independent, he granted nothing to ones who had builded him; to prove himself magnanimous, he went truckling to former foes preferring them into place. As for me, he declined every suggestion, refused every name, and while there came no open rupture between us I was quickly taught to stay away

"My luck with my father," said Morton, when one day we were considering that lofty spirit of the reputable old gentleman, "is no more flattering than your own. He waves me away with a flourish. I reminded him that while he might forget me as one who with trowel and mortar aided to lay the walls of his career, he at least should remember that I was none the less his son. He retorted with the story of the Roman father who in his rôle of judge sentenced his son to death. Gad! he seemed to regret that no chance was offered him to equal though he might not surpass that noble example. Speaking seriously, when his term verges to its close, what will be your course? You know the old gentleman purposes to succeed himself. And, doubtless, since such is mugwump thickness, he'll be renominated."

"Tammany," said I, "will fight him. We'll have a candidate on a straight ticket of our own. His Honor, your father, will be beaten."

"On my soul! I hope so," exclaimed Morton. "Do you know, I look every day to find him doing something to Mulberry Traction—trying to invalidate its franchise, or indulging in some similar piece of humor. I shall breathe easier with my parent returned to private life."

"Never fear; I'll have the city in the hollow of my hand within the year," said I.

"I will show you where to find a million or two in Wall Street if you do," he returned

The downfall of the reputable old gentleman was already half accomplished. One by one I had cut the props from beneath him. While he would grant me no contracts, and yield me no offices for my people, he was quite willing to consider my advice on questions of plain political concern Having advantage of this, I one day pointed out that it was un American to permit certain Italian societies to march in celebration of their victories over the Pope long ago. Why should good Catholic Irish-Americans be insulted with such exhibitions! Those Italian festivals should be kept for Italy; they did not belong in America. The reputable old gentleman, who was by instinct more than half a Know Nothing, gave warm assent to my doctrines, and the festive Italians did not celebrate

Next I argued that the reputable old gentleman should refuse his countenance to the Irish exercises on St. Patrick's Day. The Irish were no better than the Italians. He could not make flesh of one and fish of the other. The reputable old gentleman bore testimony to the lucid beauty of my argument by rebuffing the Irish in a flame of words in which he doubted both their intelligence and their loyalty to the land of their adoption. In another florid tirade he later sent the Orangemen to the political right-about. The one powerful tribe he omitted to insult was the Germans, and that only because they did not come within his reach Had they done so, the reputable old gentleman would have heaped contumely upon them with all the pleasure in life.

It is not needed that I set forth how, while guiding the reputable old gentleman to these deeds of daring, I kept myself in the background. No one knew me as the architect of those wondrous policies The reputable old gentleman stood alone, and in the inane fullness of his vanity took a deal of delight in the uproar he created There was an enemy of my own—he was one of those elegant personalities who, in the elevation of riches and a position to which they are born, find the name of Tammany a synonym for poison. That man hated me; and he hated the machine. But he loved the reputable old gentleman; and by his name and his money he might become of utmost avail to that publicist in any effort he put forth to have his mayorship again

One of the first offices of the city became vacant, that of chamberlain. I heard how the name of our eminent one would be presented for the place. That was my cue; I instantly asked that the eminent one be named for the vacant post

It was the earliest word which the reputable old gentleman had heard on the subject, for the friends of that eminent one as yet had not broached the business with him. When I urged the name of the eminent one, the reputable old gentleman pursed up his lips and frowned. He paused for so long a period that I began to fear lest he accept my suggestion. To cure that, I broke violently in on his cogitations with the commands of the machine

"Mark you," I cried in the tones wherewith I was wont in former and despotic days to rule my Tin Whistles, "mark you! there shall be no denial! I demand it in the name of Tammany Hall."

The sequel was what I sought; the reputable old gentleman elevated his hot crest. We straightway quarreled and separated in dudgeon. When the select bevy who bore among them the name of that eminent one appeared upon the scene the reputable old gentleman metaphorically shut the door in their faces. They departed in a rage, and the fires of their indignation were communicated to that eminent one.

As the result of these various sowings, a nodding harvest of enemies sprang up to hate and harass the reputable old gentleman. I could tell that he would be beaten—he, with the most formidable forces of politics against him solid to a man! To make assurance sure, however, I secretly called to me the Chief of Police. In a moment the quiet order was abroad to close the gambling resorts, enforce the excise laws against saloons, arrest every contractor violating the ordinances regulating building material in the streets, and generally, as well as specifically, to lighten up the town to a point that left folk gasping

No one can overrate the political effect of this last. New York has no home. It sits in restaurants and barrooms day and night. It is a city of narrow, noisome tenements, and flats so small that people file themselves away therein like papers in a pigeonhole. These are not homes: they grant no comfort; men do not seek them until driven by want of sleep. It is for these cramped reasons of flat and tenement that New York is abroad all night. The town lives in the streets; or rather in those houses of refreshment which, open night and day, have thrown away their keys.

The harsh enforcement of the excise law, or as Old Mike put it, "Gettin' bechune th' people an' their beer," roused a wasp's nest of fifty thousand votes. The reputable old gentleman was to win the stinging benefit, since he as chief magistrate must stand the brunt as for an act of his administration

Altogether, politically speaking, my reputable old gentleman tossed and bubbled in a steaming kettle of fish when he was given his renomination. For my own side, I put up against him a noble nonentity with a historic name. He was a mere jellyfish of principle—one whose boneless convictions couldn't stand on their own legs. If the town had looked at my candidate it would have repudiated him with a howl. But I knew my public. New York votes with its back to the future. Its sole thought is to throw somebody out of office—in this instance the offensive reputable old gentleman—and this it will do with never a glance at that one who, by the effect of the eviction, is to be raised to the place. No, I had no apprehensions; I named my jellyfish, and with a straight machine-made ticket, mine from truck to keel, shoved boldly forth. This time I meant to own the town

CHAPTER XIX

THE reputable old gentleman was scandalized by what he called my defection. That I should put up a ticket against him struck him as grossest treason.

"And why should I not?" said I. "You follow the flag of your interest; I but profit by your example."

"Sir!" cried the reputable old gentleman haughtily. "I have no interest save the interest of the pub

"So you say," I retorted, "and doubtless so you think." I had a desire to quarrel finally and for all time with the reputable old gentleman, whose name I no longer needed and whose fame as an excise purist would now be getting in my way. "You deceive yourself," I went on. "Your prime motive is to tickle your own vanity with a pretense of elevation. From the pedestal of your millions and the safe shelter of a clean white shirt you patronize mankind and play the prig. That is what men say of you. As to what obligation in your favor rests personally upon myself, to be informed, I have only to recall your treatment of my candidate for the place of chamberlain."

"Do you say men call me a prig?" demanded the reputable old gentleman with an indignant snort. He ignored his refusal of that eminent one as chamberlain. "Sir, I deny the term 'prig.' If such were my reputation I should not have waited to hear of it from you.

"What should you hear?" said I. "The man looking from his window does not see his own house. He who marches with it never sees the regiment of which he is a unit. No more can you, as mayor, see yourself or estimate the common view concerning you. It is your vanity to seem independent and above control, and you have fed that vanity at the expense of your friends. I've stood by while others went that road, and politically, at least, it has ever led down hill. You will discover the truth of this, since you are as surely beaten as we stand in talk together."

That was my last conference with the reputable old gentleman. I went back to Fourteenth Street, and called on my people of Tammany to do their utmost. Nor should I complain of their response, for they went behind their batteries with the cool valor of buccaneers.

There was but one question which gave me doubt, and that was the question of the Australian ballot, then a novelty in our midst. Heretofore, a henchman of the machine went with your freeman to the ballot-box and saw to it that he put no cheat upon his purchasers. Now our emissaries could approach a polls no nearer than two hundred feet; your freeman went in alone, took his folded ticket from the judges, and then retired to privacy and a pencil, and marked his ballot where none might behold his work. Who could know that your mercenary, when thus removed from beneath one's eye and hand, would fight for one's side? I may tell you the situation was putting a pucker in my brows when Morton came lounging in.

"You know I've nothing to do with the old gentleman's campaign," said he, following a mouthful or two of commonplace, and puffing the while his usual cigarette. "Gad! I told him that I had withdrawn from politics. I said it was robbing me of all fineness, and that I must defend my native purity of sensibility and preserve it from such sordid contact.

'Father,' said I, 'you surely would not, for the small, cheap glory of a second term, compel me into experiences that must leave me case-hardened in all that is spiritual?'

No, he made no reply; simply turned his back upon me in merited contempt. Really, I think he was aware of me for a hypocrite. It was beastly hard to go back on the old boy, don't y' know! But for what I have in mind, it was the thing to do."

Then I gave Morton my troubles over the Australian law. The situation, generally speaking, showed good, I said, the more because there were three tickets in the field. Still, nothing was sure. We must work and omit no usual means of adding to our strength. And the Australian law was in our way.

"Really, you're quite right," observed Morton, polishing his eyeglass meditatively. "To be sure, those beasts of burden, the labor element, have politically gone to pieces since our last campaign. But they are still wandering about by twos and threes, like so many lost sheep, and unless properly shepherded—and what a shepherd's crook is money!—they may fall into the mouths of opposition wolves. What exasperating dullards these working people are! I know of but one greater fool than the working man and that is the fool he works for! And so you say this Australian law breeds uncertainty for our fortunes?"

"There is no way to tell how a man votes," I replied.

Morton, behind that potent eyeglass, narrowed his gaze to the end of his nose and gave a full minute to thought. In the last of it, his eyes, released from contemplation of his nose began to brighten. I placed much reliance on the fertility of our exquisite, for all his trumpery affectations of lisps and effeminate mannerisms, and I waited with impatience for him to speak.

"How many would handle your money about a polling place?" he asked.

"About four," I replied. "Then there would be a dozen pullers-in to bring up the voters, and afterward go with them to see that they put in the right ballots. This last, you will notice, is, by the Australian law, made impossible."

"It is the duty of the artillery people," drawled Morton, "whenever the armor people invent a plate that cannot be perforated by guns in being, to invent at once a gun that shall pierce it. The same holds good in politics. We must invent a gun that shall knock a hole through this Australian armor." Morton's ineffabilities were now laid aside as was ever the case with him when stirred to earnestness. "This is what I suggest: You must get into your hands, we'll put it, five thousand of the printed ballots in advance of election day. This may be secretly done by paying the printers where the tickets are being struck off. These tickets should be equally distributed among those men with the money whom you send about the polling places. A ballot in each instance must be marked with the cross for Tammany Hall and given to the recruit, who will then carry it into the booth in his pocket. Having received the regular ticket from the hands of the judges, he can go through the form of retiring, to reappear and give in the ticket which was marked by your man of the machine."

"And yet," said I, breaking in, "I do not see how you've helped the situation. The recruit might still vote the ticket handed him by the judges for all our wisdom. Moreover, instead of five thousand, one would need fifty thousand tickets. It would be no easy matter to get hold of fifty thousand tickets, all of which we should require to make sure. Five thousand we might manage, but that would not be enough."

"You should let me finish,' returned Morton. "One would not pay the recruit until he returned to that gentleman of finance with whom he was dealing and put into his hands the unmarked ballot with which the judges had endowed him. That would prove his integrity, and it would also equip your agent with a new fresh ticket against the next recruit. Thus you would never run out of tickets. Really, I flatter myself that I've hit upon an excellent idea, don't y' know!" and with that Morton began delicately combing his mustache, and again took on his masquerade of the exquisitely inane.

Morton's plan was good; I saw its merits in a flash. He had proposed a sure system by which the machine might operate in the teeth of that antipodean law. We used it too, and it was half the reason of our victory. Upon its proposal I extended my compliments to Morton.

"Really, it's nothing," said he, as though the business bored him. "Took the hint from football. It is a rule of that murderous amusement, when you can't buck the centre to go around the ends. But I must have a ride in the park to rest me. I seldom permit myself to think—it's beastly bad form to think, and I avoid it—and, therefore, when I do give my intelligence a canter, it fatigues me beyond expression. Well, good-by! I shall see you when I'm recuperated. Meanwhile, you must not let that awful parent of mine succeed; it would be our ruin, don't y' know!" And Morton glared idiotically behind the eyeglass at the thought of the reputable old gentleman flourishing throughout a second term. "Yes, indeed," he concluded, "the old boy would become a perfect juggernaut!"

Morton's plan worked to admiration. The mercenary was given a ballot ready marked, and later he returned with the one which the judges gave him, took his fee and went his way. In these days, when the ballot furnished by the judges is stamped on the back, each with its separate number in red ink, which number is set opposite a voter's name when he receives the ballot, and all to be verified when he brings it again to the judges for deposit in the box, the scheme would be valueless. There has now no open chance for the substitution of a ready-made ballot because of the deterrent number in red ink. But under these changed conditions, as Morton declared they must, the gunners of party have invented both the projectile and the rule to pierce the new and stronger plate. The party emblems, the Eagle, the Star, the Ship and other tokens of partisanship, are printed across the head of the ticket in black accommodating ink. The recruit now makes his cross with a pencil as soft as fresh paint. Then he spreads over the head of the ticket, as he might a piece of blotting paper, a tissue sheet peculiarly prepared. A gentle rub of the fingers across the tissue stains it plainly with the Eagle, the Star, the Ship and the entire procession of totems, also, it takes with the rest an impression of that pencilled cross. This tissue our recruit brings to that particular paymaster of the forces with whom he is in barter, and a glance answers the query was the vote made right or wrong. If "right," the recruit has his reward, if "wrong" he is spurned from the presence as one too densely ignorant to be of use.

The reputable old gentleman, when the vote occurred, was overpowered, he retired to private life, inveighing against republics for that they were ungrateful. My jellyfish of purple blood took his place as mayor, and Tammany dominated every corner of the town.

When the town in its threads was thus wholly in my hands, with every office, great or small, held by a man of the machine, Morton came to call upon me.

"Do you recall," he began, "how on the edge of the campaign I said that if you would but win the town I'd lead you into Wall Street millions?"

"Yes," said I, "you said something of the sort."

"You must trust me in this; I understand the stock market better than you do. Perhaps you have noticed that Blackberry Traction is very low—down to ninety, I think?"

"No," I replied, "the thing is news to me. I know nothing of stocks."

"It is as well. This, then, is my road to wealth for both of us. As a first move, and as rapidly as I can without sending it up, I shall load myself for our joint account with, we'll say—since I'm sure I can get that much—forty thousand shares of Blackberry. It will take me ten days to

(Continued on Page 32)

HE LAID DOWN A CHECK FOR AN EVEN MILLION OF DOLLARS

THERE HAD BEEN A CARTOON IN THE PAPER

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ We never fully appreciate the train that doesn't get off the track.

¶ No man wants to travel a hundred miles an hour when he is going to explain.

¶ Sometimes the poet is right and friendship is but a name—at the bottom of a note.

¶ Optimism is the state of mind which believes matrimony will be cheaper than the engagement.

¶ President Roosevelt is suffering the pangs and penalties of an approaching campaign. Everything he does will be twisted, but he seems to have the manly habit of keeping straight.

To Marry or Not to Marry

AMONG the incoming multitudes which have been crowding the city stations for the last few weeks the most familiar figure is the trig, wide-awake young fellow just back from his summer outing. He is a salesman, doctor, reporter, broker—what not, hurrying back to take up his work again as before.

Not just as before. Something is lacking in his hall-bedroom, or snug apartment, and in his life there which he never missed till now.

She——

The man will go about now for months silent and glum, working out the old problem: How can the salary which now barely keeps one person in decency be made to keep two, or some day it may be half a dozen? On one side, being alone, he sees a reasonable chance of steadily increasing success and comfort—perhaps after many years, luxury. On the other, married, a fierce scramble to keep wife and children out of vulgar poverty and squalor. What shall he do? Has he the right to condemn the woman he loves to play always a mean part in the world? On the other hand, is he, for the lack of mere money, to give up a man's heritage in life? To turn away forever from love and a home and fatherhood?

There are literally hosts of men—earnest, honorable young fellows—in the country who are debating this question to-day. It is of more importance to them than any problem of politics or government.

The answer which they will give to it depends a good deal on the part of the United States in which they happen to live.

In the North the average age at which marriage is contracted is far in advance of that in the South, and the percentage of single men and women is much larger.

Two lovers in Vermont or New York, educated and well bred, with a relish for decent clothes, newspapers and good coffee, would hesitate long before they married on an income of a thousand a year. But if they lived in Alabama or the Carolinas they would not wait a day.

Not because love in the South is stronger or truer, or a whit more courageous than above Mason and Dixon's line; but because in the North the luxuries of life gradually, of late years, have become its necessities and weigh heavily against all feeling or sentiment. Art, music, travel and a decorated home are solid goods in life which the Northern girl has or can earn for herself. Shall she give them up for such an unknown quantity as a lover?

But since her birth the Carolinian girl has held a lover as her rightful property. "Things" weigh little on her scales, money is not her gauge of rank. Poverty does not seem vulgar to her. She has faced it too long.

If marriage in one region and the lack of it in another depend upon a difference in the scale of values, isn't it time that we set right this scale of values?

The President's Blue Pencil

A RECENT incident served to bring to public notice the fact that it is becoming to some degree a custom for the President of the United States to exercise supervision over the lists of fellow-guests whom he is to meet, when he accepts an invitation to dinner. The incident which called this question up was unfortunate, because, through a blunder, the President was put in the position of snubbing a man whom he, and all Americans, delight to honor; but it served to arouse a discussion of the abstract right to assume supervisory power, and there has been considerable criticism of it.

The criticism, however, is based upon the mistaken argument that the President is only a citizen among citizens, and that he ought not to assume a greater right than any other citizen may assume.

This overlooks altogether the fact that wherever the President of the United States goes he is vastly more than an ordinary citizen. Be he Mr. Washington, or Mr. Jefferson, or Mr. Lincoln, or Mr. Cleveland, or Mr. Roosevelt, the President cannot put the dignity and importance of his position away.

It is simply impossible for the President to go anywhere as an ordinary citizen. No one looks upon him as a mere citizen. He is not a mere citizen. He is the head of the nation, and is so regarded. The fact that he is President is never for an instant absent from the minds of those about him. His every act is watched. His every word is noted. "The President does this." "The President says that." Eighty millions of people want to know precisely what he says and does, and his influence—the influence of his august position—is a matter of immense moment.

With whom does the President associate? Who are his friends and companions? Does he stand for respectability and honesty? Such are questions to which every American wishes an answer.

If the President—speaking, of course, of any President—should find that a notorious leader of the worst element in politics is to be a guest with himself; if he should find that he is expected to meet a Governor or Congressman who is known to be a dishonest man, it is his duty as well as his privilege to make it plain that he cannot give the weight of his companionship toward the justification of such an individual.

Immense evil would be done by the recognition, by the President of the United States, of dishonesty and fraud. No President could say: "I am doing this merely as a citizen." It would have all the effect of being done by the man at the forefront of the nation, the one who represents it to the world.

There are frequent occasions when the President should dine elsewhere than at the White House, and he should have reasonable control over the list of guests. It is not sufficient to say that he may himself stay away if he finds that some one of whom he does not approve is to be present. There may be many reasons why he should not absent himself.

A fine feature of our national life and institutions is that when the term of a President is ended he becomes once more a citizen among citizens. But while he is President he has responsibilities greater than those of any other man. He stands for the entire people; he should have full power to stand unequivocally for dignity, for decency, for honesty.

The British Children Abroad

IN THE extraordinary political situation in England, caused by the resignation of Joseph Chamberlain, we are sure to have the greatest and most interesting discussion of economics that the world has ever known.

In one of his earlier speeches Mr. Chamberlain stated that the suggestion upon which he was working "comes to us from our children abroad."

We may understand this better by a letter which was recently found in the papers of Cecil Rhodes, written more than twelve years ago—the eighth of May, 1891—to Sir John Macdonald, the Prime Minister of Canada. It was a message of congratulation, but in it were these remarkable and far-seeing observations: "The whole thing lies in the question, Can we invent some tie with our mother country that will prevent separation? It must be a practical one, for future generations will not be born in England. The curse is that English politicians cannot see the future. They think they will always be the manufacturing mart of the world, but do not understand what protection coupled with reciprocal relations means."

That in a nutshell is the realization of England to-day as interpreted by Joseph Chamberlain—protection coupled with reciprocal relations. As we read the English newspapers and reviews we realize that all through the tight little island there is a wonderful awakening. The children abroad are getting to be larger, wider-minded and more liberty-loving than the parents. They are talking of independence, and they are looking to the future which was not seen in the London fog as clearly as Cecil Rhodes saw it under the sunny skies of South Africa.

It is not believed, of course, that the British Empire will be broken up or that there will be, in our generation at least, any vital weakening of the relations that knit the great nation and its colonies together. The very fact that the English statesmen are facing the situation holds more hope for British nationality than the blind harmony of a satisfied cabinet. Incidentally it brings Joseph Chamberlain more to the front of the stage than ever, a position which he invites. But the question is already much broader than one man and more important than mere political ambition.

And after all, the figure that looms up most is Cecil Rhodes. His plans were called visions, his ideas were thought to be dreams. But now it seems that he was the sure-sighted one when he said: "The curse is that English politicians cannot see the future."

Verily, the children abroad are teaching lessons.

Children of the Hot-House

THE craze for the "scientific" feeding of young children is taking the usual course of all crazes. But its present acute stage threatens to last longer than does the acute stage of most crazes, because, though usually the devotee of a craze has to practice it upon himself or herself, here the victim is another person, one absolutely helpless.

Nothing could well be worse for a child that has to live in the world than to bring it up in a hot-house. And most of this scientific feeding is simply the building up of a physical organization that is healthy and vigorous and superb in hot-house conditions, but as incapable for world conditions as is a canary bird when unable to find its way back to its cage and so thrown upon its own resources or lack of them.

Somewhere between letting a child eat whatever it pleases and letting it eat only prepared foods served at precisely the same moment each day, there is a mean which will produce children not quite so wonderful as the "scientific" children but also not quite so fragile.

And this applies to other than physical training and physical conditions.

House-Cleaning Day

THE human tide has been setting back to town. Be he President or Governor, hotel waiter or sneak thief, the city-bred American to-day has packed his gripsack and has hied from ocean beach or cool woods to air thick with asphalt-dust and bituminous soot, and seasoned by germs of smallpox and diphtheria.

In fact the housekeeper stands between him and death. It is her hour of triumph. She attacks his home, his unsweet home, she opens up every hiding place of dust, miasma and roaches, she flushes every poisoned cranny with water and disinfectants; disease germs flee before her scrubbing brush and broom.

It is a homely but significant fact that we all instinctively try to bring to our town homes on our return to them something of the wholesome strength and life of the woods and sea. There is no sentiment in the thing. It is the day of the murderous germ and death-dealing microbe. We must "clean house" if we would keep alive.

Putting aside all religious or perfunctory views of a man's every-day life, would not a yearly "cleaning up" of it stand him in good stead? It may not, perhaps, be in very bad condition. Not many of the men whom we nod to every day are murderers or thieves; they are not rotten at soul. The majority of us mean to do right. We may grow weak when we smell liquor or touch a card, or we may lie a little now and then, or even cheat a customer on occasion, but we want to do right in the main; we have our solid good qualities which God and somebody else—usually a woman—know.

But these poisonous fungus growths in us flourish in the dark. Why not let in the light on them now and then?

It is not always going to church that will do this. But let any man, with hard common-sense and keen insight, tear out his own inner self as his wife is now tearing out his house and the result will be more happy than that of many sermons. What are those unclean fancies cowering out of sight like poisonous gases? Bring them into the daylight.

Spare no unclean thought, no rank fancy. Throw them out. Make room for clean, strong affections, for hearty fun and honest purposes. The wisest man may take a hint from the poor house-mother and set about cleaning the impure dwelling where his soul now sits ill at ease.

THE PUGET SOUND MAN

He is the New American Who Has Not Found His Way into the Books

By OPIE READ

A NEW atmosphere makes a new man. Out of the old inductive systems of commerce may arise a new deduction of trade. Out of a great hurry and an apparently impotent rush there may come a new force, and a sort of physical confusion may prove the mother of scientific enterprise Adventure discovers, restlessness peoples and industry develops a community. But every community has a distinctive soul and this seems to be of chance creation. The Western mining camp, born in a night at the close of a long and thirsty journey, was a place of eagerness and of thirst for strong waters. Its builders brought along with them the nomadic soul of the wilds, and thus in atmosphere one mining town was much like another. Fanciful pens presented it to romance and to a poetry that snapped with audacity; the dramatist exaggerated exaggeration and put it upon the stage, and thus, without the trouble of taking a trip from home, the East became intimately acquainted with the far West. But many miles farther toward the sunset there is a domain which the Easterner has not had the opportunity to become familiar with in two hours' time. He could do it if the opportunity were offered; he could carry home with him a grease-painted typification of a thing that never existed and feel, not indeed that he had been rewarded for his time, but that upon his mind had been foisted a new human being. This typification gives him the chance afterward, upon visiting the country in question, to cry his astonishment at beholding a marble temple dedicated to dramatic art. If too reserved to be surprised at this, he has been wont to hold back his exclamation as a startled tribute to a man in a dress suit In mind I hold the picture of one of the most charming territories of the Western World—the Puget Sound country. About the new community, regardless of its beauties, there is a sort of rawness. The air may be soft and the sky a scene shifted from Italy, but the lack of tradition and of history, the fact that the blood of knighted men has not consecrated the rocks, all combine to deny a soul-inspiring mellowness. The guide may tell you that on yonder knoll the great Chief Panther Paw bit off the head of a live rattlesnake to prove his love for a coppery maiden arrayed in the hide of a wildcat, but this does not suffice. We want Scott instead of Cooper. The flint arrow-head may be a thousand years older, but we demand the steel lance. In the Puget Sound country, however, there is no rawness. The air is so soft, so dreamy; away off yonder behind the purple fog there is such mystery that the imagination feeds upon delicious sweets Here is a forest that would make the ancient Black Forest look white. Here is a long, caped and coved ocean lake which travelers declare makes all other lakes look rude.

From a dream you are almost awakened by a soft and gentle rain, but you are told not to be alarmed, that it will not wet you. In the air there is wine and the rain is extra dry. If in the street of some new village you complain of the mud a man may say to you: "Maybe you haven't examined this mud. Why, a shovelful of it will raise more stuff than a whole county on the Atlantic Coast."

Into this country the land-boomer came, and standing on a stump, auctioned off the world. There was no gold, no silver, and the timber was so enormous and so thick upon the ground that to clear an acre cost two hundred dollars, but the newcomer, with no idea as to how he was going to make a living, proceeded to buy land. "What are you going to do with it?" "Sell it." "Then what?" "Buy it back again." They didn't lay out towns, but cities. Some Jim Hill of a man, meeting an acquaintance, would say: "Wish you would build me a city."

"How big?"

"Well, about fifty thousand inhabitants."

Of course this does not nor can it ever last. For every town there must be a why. It is easier to maintain a flower garden through the blasts of winter than to keep up a city that has no cause for being there. Behind the town hall there must be the farm, the mine and the logging camp. Here was only the logging camp. "Don't worry," cried the auctioneer, standing on the stump. "The Orient belongs to us. Let us build ships." And they did. It seemed that all of the old laws were about to be overturned. "Build the towns and the country will take care of itself," was a sort of motto. But one day, while they were carrying forward this new colonization theory, there came a frightful something galloping across the continent. It was the panic of ninety-three. In its snort was the blasting of hope and in its red eye was commercial death. Values shriveled Banks crumbled And then toward the East whence had come that frightful monster, rip-snorting death, there scrambled, breathless and with lolling tongue, a wolf. It was capital. And so, upon the boom there grew a poetic moss, as soft as the velvet on the horns of a young deer; gentle rain fell where blossomed a flower, the maiden heart, and in the breeze it beat beneath the purple mist.

Men of action ran away. The dreamer remained. But the world's mighty muscle is but a force set in motion by a dream, and the philosophy that gives moral life to teeming nations arose out of a vision. In the theory of a Taine this boom and this calamity were but natural conditions incident to the development of a new man. In the mind of that mysterious Cause which produces so plain an effect this may not have been a crystallized contemplation, but it is true that to the commercial world a new character was given—the business man of Seattle. In the Middle West all material progress seemed to have been inductive, built upon swift experience. Thought was incident to action. Technical training was for those who wished to luxuriate rather than to achieve. The university was a hot house of thought. But with the Seattle man it was somewhat different. Largely was he an athlete from the universities of the East and of the South. What others had learned by statistics and comparison he seemed to know by the instincts of deduction. Upon many a philosophy the electric light of to-day casts a dark shadow, and it was a noon-time glare that kept him from being a poet. Near the end of a materialistic century he was forced to be practical. But his Plato had taught him to be self-contained and from his Yankee sire he had inherited shrewdness. The man who knows a thousand theories and one fact is stronger than the man who knows simply the one fact. At the reunion of a fraternity he tipped his glass to a Greek letter and laid claim to Japan as a part of his natural territory. About him were men of shrewdness rather than of educated comprehension, sprinting hustlers and delving economists, but dominating as rightly directed learning must ever dominate, his was the true spirit and the atmosphere of the town. At the edge of one continent and looking across the sea toward another, he was expansive To him there was nothing local. All of his surroundings served but to crown the apex of the world. And the world, looking toward a new discovery, saw him in a dazzling light, and the gold fields of Alaska became the playground of his speculative fancy. His shantytown, reduced to ashes, arose in riveted steel. At the time of the gold discovery the great ships that sailed from the Sound belonged to another city, but he chartered them, compelled them to outfit in his city, and said to the Associated Press, "Send your dispatches from here." When miners returned with gold in buckskins he said, "Stop and invest here."

In enterprise looking toward substantial development the town is as bold as a Raleigh or a Drake. Not long ago the Government was to receive bids for the building of the battleship Nebraska. A Seattle shipbuilder went to Washington. Shortly afterward he telegraphed to the editor of a Seattle newspaper: "Can get the contract but shall lose one hundred thousand dollars." The editor went out among the merchants. He talked to a man on the corner and at noon dropped into the University Club. And that afternoon he telegraphed to the contractor: "Take the contract. We will make good the one hundred thousand." The contract was taken and now they are building the ship.

"This great enterprise is all very well," said a visitor "But how long do you think you can keep it up? Across the Cascades are the grain fields and your hops grow in the valleys, but what is your town based upon?"

"Do you see that forest, the densest in the world? Is there not gold in lumber?"

"Yes, but the saw soon eats up a forest What are you going to do when the trees are gone? Wait for more to grow?"

"My dear sir, this country is so productive that we don't have to wait for things to grow. When a tree falls something else comes up. And when all of our resources shall have been exhausted we'll thrive on enterprise."

But his resources are no more to become exhausted than the American continent is to become barren. He is an empire builder and could live even if shut off from the rest of the world. Unlike the farmer on the prairies of Iowa and Illinois, he does not revere the East. His is not a banishment but an emancipation. He has two measures of time, one dating from the panic and the other from the day when he shook off the manacles of an older and more constrained civilization. I recall an oldish man who once had served as mayor of the town. "Every morning upon getting out of bed," he remarked, "I thank God that I am no longer compelled to live in the East." And he meant it. An Englishman in the consular service said: "When my time is out I am not going back to England. They say that this atmosphere makes all men liars, and I don't know who enjoys himself more than a liar. The climate, the vines, the mutton all English. It is unlike any other part of America. And it is going to produce a marvelous race of people. On the dry plains the women have complexions like sandpaper. But out here in this moist air, look at the face of every woman you meet. A rose in bloom."

The Seattle man is possessed of an "unself" egotism. His vanity lies not in himself but in his country, his climate and his soil. When he visits Chicago and talks about his enterprise and the commercial victories of his city he is believed, but heads are shaken when he begins to talk about his country. Ask him for a plain statement of fact and he plunges into a panegyric. Inquire as to the thermometer and he sails aloft in a balloon of lyric exultation. In his town it is hard to pin him down to the acknowledgment of an unpleasant truth. "But don't you think it rains too much" "Our strawberries are as big as a teacup." "Is it always this foggy?" "Our roses are the finest in the world." It reminds one of Macaulay's arraignment of Charles I. "He was accused of having violated his coronation oath, and they replied that he was true to his wife

"Force-thoughts"

By SUNNY JIM

THERE'S one thought that does me more good than all the others that ever came to me. It is this: there's only one thing to be done at a time!

¶Nothing new about this, but think what it means when things pile up ahead and one begins to think there's more to do than can be done—and begins to hurry, which is next to the worst thing in the world, and to worry, which *is* the worst thing.

¶"One thing at a time" takes all the tangles out of a day's work, all the perplexity out of a day's thought, and puts into the day's living that self-confidence that is worth everything else.

¶It properly begins when you get up in the morning and it keeps you from trying to solve seven of the day's difficulties while tying your cravat—which is a bad thing, for the seven remain unsolved and the cravat carries all day the same kink in it that mars your temper.

¶Begin with your breakfast—make it a "FORCE" breakfast and treat it with the respect due to the one thing you are doing *at that time*.

¶The rest of the day you'll find it easier to

"Be Sunny!"

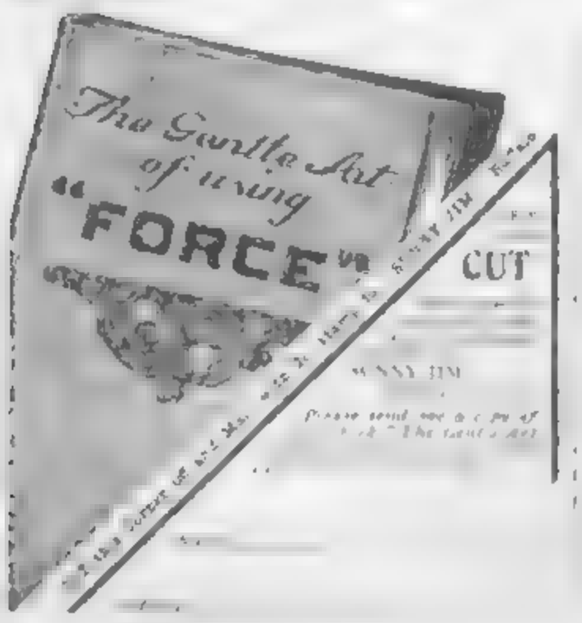
¶In the meantime I think you'd enjoy reading my new book.

If you put your mind on the subject and tear off the coupon below NOW you'll not forget about it.

¶Enclose a 2-cent stamp, please.

Yours truly,

Sunny Jim



"You have a beautiful body of water here." "Yes; but you ought to have seen it before the panic." And that is one of the reasons why he does not revere the East—the panic New York reached forth her delicate but merciless hand, turned his banks upside down, emptied out his money and scattered it along the curbstones of Wall Street. But in a measure he has forgiven the outrage. It was bad, but not so bad as if his climate of [illegible].

Yes, that climate is marvelous. It has tempted the Southerner to merge his tradition[illegible]st for the State of Washington. [illegible] the best families of [illegible] but I have recovered from all that sort of thing. I date my real birth from the time I struck Puget Sound. Let me show you a house that would just suit you. You'd better buy in time, for it won't be long before everybody'll be coming out here." "Yes, a wonderful country and a great city, but so far away, you know." "So far away from where? From the place where the Puritans landed and came nigh starving to death? But it's no farther from Plymouth Rock than Plymouth Rock is from Puget Sound." "But my people all live in the East." "Well, that's their misfortune." Once in a while a man encounters an argument that he cannot answer.

But the business man of Seattle has not that about him which in the suddenly rich of the Middle West is so offensive to the East. If he likes to hear himself talk it is not of what he himself has done. It is of what his country is going to do, and we, the narrow minded, stand ready to forgive a man whose bragging is broad enough to embrace a sort of patriotism. And above all, it is refreshing to meet a man whom new forces and new aspirations have created anew. Even the most polished imitator is tiresome. There is genius in a crude originality. The Puget Sound man is not an imitator and he is original without being crude. Nor does he wait for foreign approval in order that he may properly estimate the literary worth of home talent. "Have you read Brown's poem?" "Is it well spoken of by the critic?" "Oh, I don't know anything about that. But it was written here on the Sound." Boston is not so independent. Hawthorne was beautiful in England before he became beautiful at home.

And with all the rush and the loud hammering of this new town there is a restfulness, and moreover contentment, rarely found in America. There is great energy, but the air is softened by a continuous breath blown from the Orient. Not all of the people are making money; some of them are poor indeed, but there is an ever ready will to divert one from the telling of a hard luck story. Speak to him of the country. "I am out of work and broke and don't know what I shall do," said a man as he stood looking out over the Sound, "but I ought to congratulate myself. I am here." There is no way to dampen the enthusiasm of such men. Throw a wet blanket at them and it falls warm and [illegible].

The Burning Glass

By George Horton

This is a burning glass, my son
  It gathers up the sickly rays
Of light and binds them into one
  That's strong enough to make a blaze.
You fix on some objective spot
  (In terms pedantic, focus),
And there'll be smoke when you have got
  The focus.

Now take your father's sage advice
  (I fear 'tis all you'll ever get)—
And learn why plans of men and mice
  So often end in vain regret.
Yes, why do we poor mortals weep
  While waves of failure soak us?
Alas! we fail to find and keep
  Our focus.

Don't spread your forces and your wit
  Like this pale sunshine that we see,
But weld them in a white hot bit
  And bore a hole though small it be.
You may be weak in moral spine
  And bloodless as a crocus,
Still, you have light enough to shine—
  Just focus.

This very train of thought explains
  Your father's not too great success.
My son, the men of brilliant brains
  Oft yield the palm to men of less,
And bumptious dullards strut and crow,
  "We're wise"—all hocus pocus!
They know their gifts are few, and so,
  They focus.

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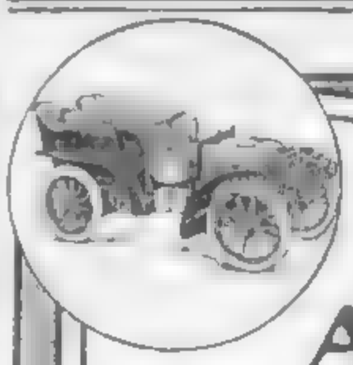

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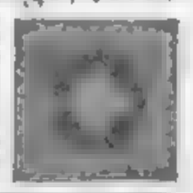

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A Speaking Example

MR. M. E. INGALLS, President of the "Big Four" Railway Company, and one of the prominent men of the West, tells the following interesting story in connection with his experiences as a school teacher years ago in Zanesville, Ohio:

"It was then the custom, of a Friday afternoon, to have some man of quality address the pupils—such talks from men of affairs being deemed of great importance to the children. Often the speaker sought to point a moral, as was the case in the instance I relate.

"One afternoon the pupils were held for over an hour to hear a dry, prosy talk of an eminent gentleman from Newark. In the course of this good man's remarks he drew an awful picture of a youth drifting to ruin. Said he: 'I knew a boy once that disobeyed his parents, played truant from school, went fishing on Sundays, learned to smoke, to swear and' (with a most impressive tone) 'to play cards! Later, this vicious lad actually ran away from his [illegible] home. From [illegible] into the hands of most depraved [illegible] he went from worse to worse. And [illegible]' concluded the speaker, in a most sepulchral voice, 'Where do you suppose that boy is now?'

Whereupon the children, who, I regret to say, had paid but scant attention to the great man's remarks, shouted with one voice the [illegible] answer in response to the question [illegible] every Friday afternoon:

He stands before us.'

Inviolate

AMONG the Thou Shalt Nots of a well-known club in New England there are two rules, one prohibiting gambling and another requesting the members not to feed the waiters. Some of the clubmen were in the habit of indulging in an occasional game of poker; but on this being discovered an end was put to the practice by special order of the House Committee. A prominent member of the club was interviewing the head waiter whose years of service in the club had made him an institution.

"So they've been breaking the rule against poker-playing?" the gentleman observed.

"Yes, sir," respectfully assented the old waiter.

"I suppose most of the rules of the club have been broken?"

"All but one, to my knowledge, sir, have been broken."

And what was that one?

"The rule against feeding the waiters never has been broken, sir."

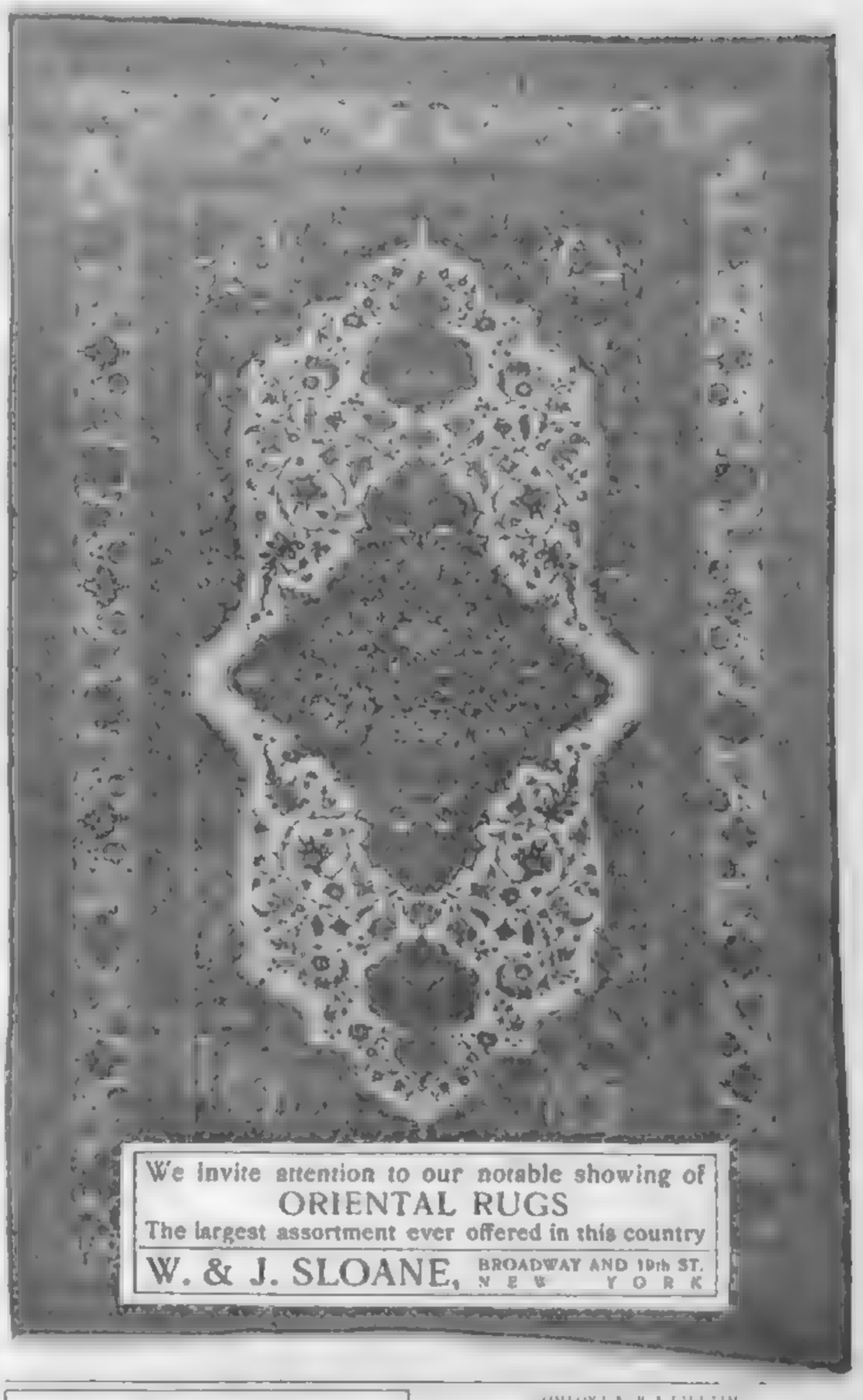
The Rockaby-Boy

By Frank L. Stanton

He de sweetes' li'l' feller—
  Des ink honey in de comb—
En he say he love his daddy—
  W'en his *mammy* ain't at home!
But no furder dan his arms reach
  Is she ever gwine ter roam
Fum dat sweet li'l' feller—Rockaby-Boy!

He des so wise en *cunnin'*
  W'en his mammy ain't to call
Ter make up wid his *daddy*
  Say he love him bes' of *all!*
But, *watch* him, how he lissen
  Fer her footstep in de hall
Dat sweet li'l' feller—Rockaby Boy!

Fa not fer all de rickes
  Dat de arms o' you could hol'—
Ef de bright stars by de million
  Would des *shower* down de gol',
Would she miss him fer a minute
  Bless his sweetes' li'l' soul!
Dat sweet li'l' feller—Rockaby Boy!



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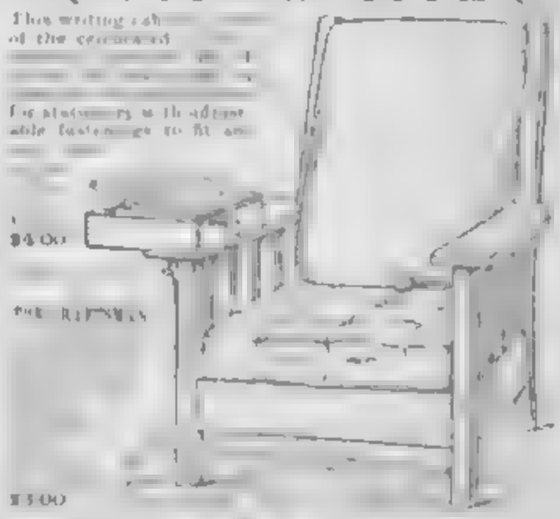

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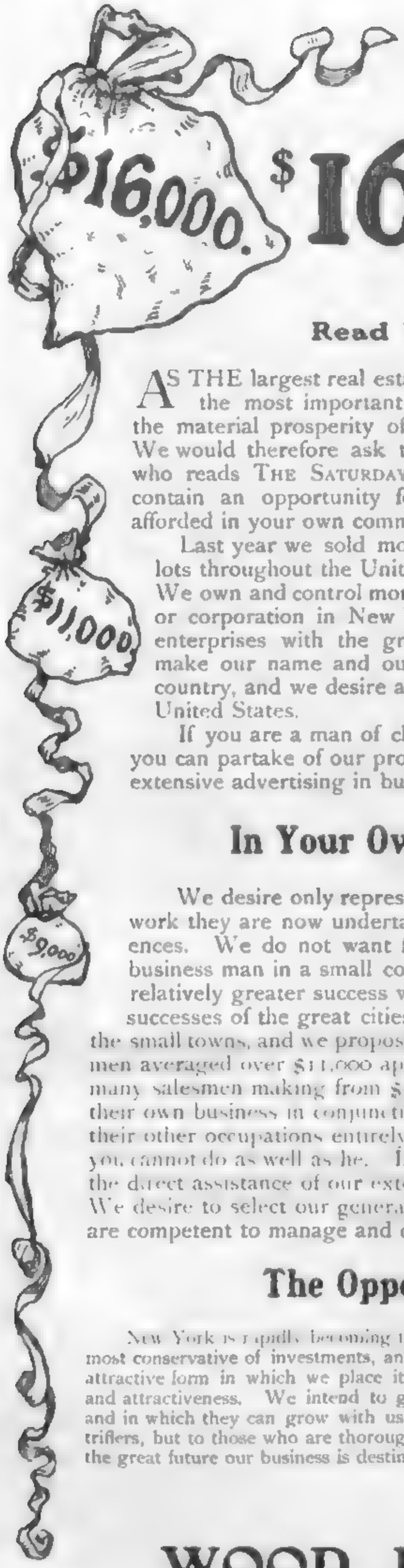

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Z. M. P. INGE, Our Mobile Agent.

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This is to certify that fourteen months ago I accepted a position as Mobile agent for Wood, Harmon & Company's New York properties [illegible] I have [illegible] my whole time and best energies to the sale of these properties. My commissions in the past year have amounted to $18,561, and this amount of money has been made without in the least neglecting a general [illegible] and other educational work with which I am connected.

We [illegible] persons who attempt to [illegible] for Wood, Harmon & Company might succeed, and I cannot conceive how any man with the energy required [illegible] would fail to succeed and be pleased with the [illegible] on his own behalf. I am [illegible] equipped to do at least as well for [illegible] Wood, Harmon & Company as their proper representative [illegible] of New York real estate has been the best kind of work for me.

Yours very truly, Z. M. P. INGE.

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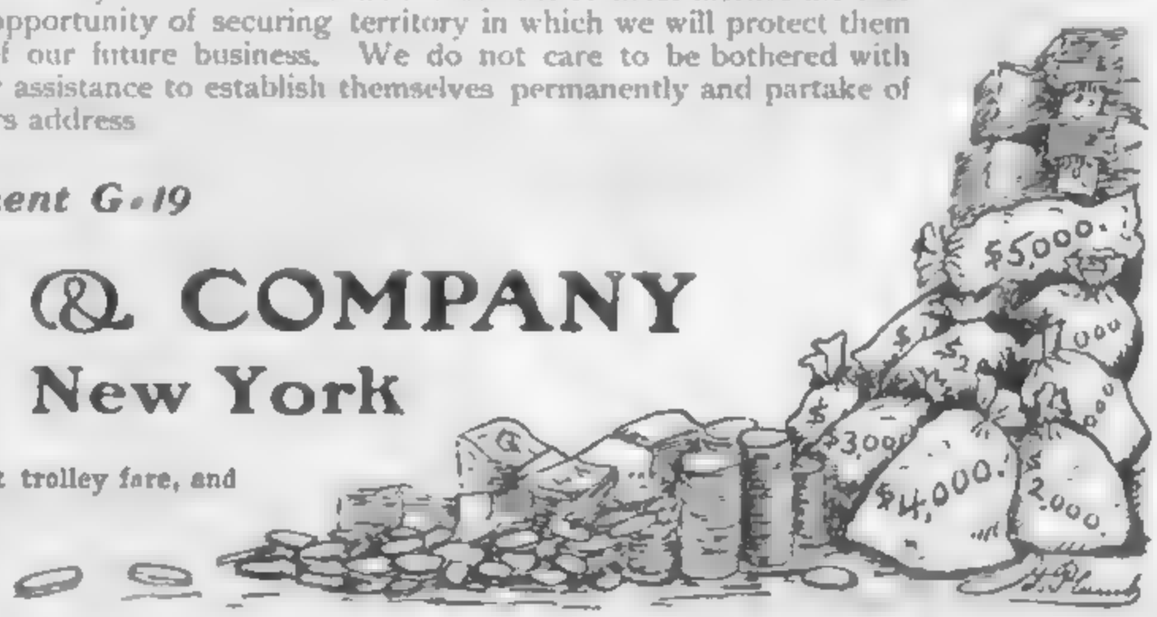

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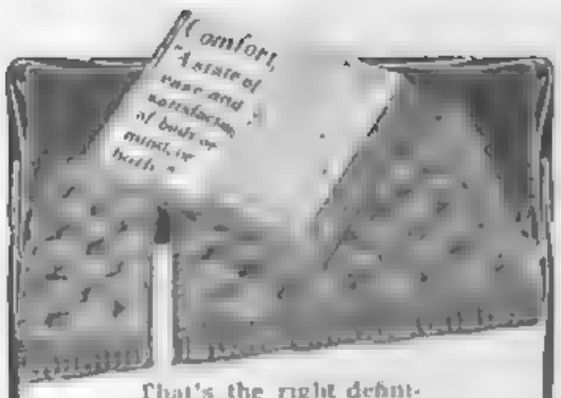

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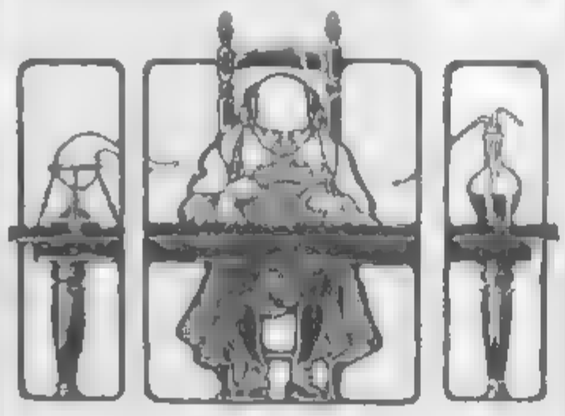

WORKING FOR WIDE TIRES — They save the roads and horse-flesh and do the work of a steam roller

THE Bureau of Road Inquiry of the United States Government has been making a study of the width of tires prescribed by local and national authorities in various parts of the world. In France, every freighting and market cart, instead of injuring the highway, improves it. Many of the tires are ten inches wide. In the four-wheeled vehicles in that country the rear wheels [illegible] inches larger than the front, and as a result the rear wheels run in a one-foot groove which outside the level rolled by the front wheel. After a few loaded wagons have passed over a road the highway looks as if a steam roller had been at work. A national law in Germany prescribes that wagons heavily loaded must have tires not less than four inches wide. In Austria the minimum for similar vehicles is six and one half inches; in Switzerland, six inches.

In a number of States in this country laws have been passed granting rebate of highway taxes to citizens who use on lumber wagons tires not less than three inches wide. On toll roads in Kentucky and several other States farmers hauling loads in wide-tired wagons are entitled to lower rates than those paid by the owners of narrow tired vehicles.

At an experiment station it was demonstrated that it requires forty per cent. more power to draw a load on a wagon with one and one-half inch tires than on one with a three-inch tire. With a Baldwin dynamometer careful tests were made with loaded wagons drawn over blue grass sward. In a wagon weighing 1000 pounds it was found that a load of 3248 pounds could be drawn on wide tires with the same force required to move 2000 pounds on narrow tires. Moreover the wide tires did not injure the turf while the narrow ones cut through it. In some parts of the country pioneers in the use of wide tires have had to stand a good deal of ridicule. The manifest benefit to roads, however, soon changes public sentiment. The president of a leading wagon manufacturing company states that the demand for wide tires is increasing every year. Another company in the same line of business conducted a series of tests, using a Fairbanks dynamometer carefully calibrated, and was convinced that on very hard roads the preference, so far as draft is concerned, is for narrow tires. In the effect upon the roads, however, wide tires have the advantage.

A Western community has enacted a regulation providing that any teamster who runs a load heavier than a specified weight shall be fined. But as the authorities have no means of determining the weight of a load and are not empowered to compel the driver to get it weighed, the utility of the law is not apparent. In some districts fines as high as fifty dollars are imposed for violations of wide-tire ordinances.

It has been suggested in some States to assess a very low tax on wagons with wide tires and a high one on those with narrow wheels and thus gradually eliminate the undesirable vehicle.

ONE SOLUTION OF THE COAL QUESTION — North Dakota claims to have one ready to hand

THE recent successful experiments in briquetting lignite may solve the fuel question. North Dakota claims to have a supply of this combustible so enormous that it will last for ten thousand years. This is, of course, guesswork, but there is apparently an almost inexhaustible supply. It has been used by the settlers on the treeless plains for years, and of late a number of railroad locomotives have been built especially to burn it.

More Light on a Good Watch

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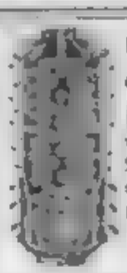

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With the ordinary locomotives lignite produces too many sparks, but this difficulty has been overcome since proper grates have been constructed for using it. Another objection [illegible] consumption it required extra work in stoking and had a tendency to clog the flues. All this has been obviated by the briquetting process which has been in use for some time in Germany.

Though a process has recently been perfected whereby it will not be necessary to introduce an outside substance as a "binder," the older ordinary form of briquetting is still in general use. The lignite is reduced to a powder, mixed with some other combustible and then pressed into briquettes. Sometimes the combustible is straw, but in any event, because lignite is exceedingly damp and has a tendency to slake on exposure to the air and contains so much sulphur, it has been found desirable to mix it with some more slowly-burning substance and then press it by powerful machinery to expel the moisture and check the tendency to slake. This has been accomplished with such success that in the Northwest, at least, briquetted lignite will be acceptable for heating and steaming.

The system of mining lignite is novel and possesses certain features in use in no other kind of mines. Generally the mine is entered by means of a drift, after which the ceilings are shaped [illegible] and rooms which run at right angles to the entrance. This makes the whole mine a series of galleries separated by walls which are in the end removed. Mining itself is carried on [illegible] By means of electricity a wheel is connected with an endless chain bearing large sawlike teeth which continually press against the coal and in a short time cut blocks ten feet square. Holes are then drilled which are filled with giant powder. When this powder is ignited by electricity it blows out the cubes already cut in lumps of from three to five tons weight. These are again broken up by the miners and either carried to the freight cars by carts attached to mules or raised by an endless chain to bins, thence to be dumped into railroad cars on the track beneath.

With all these improvements this coal can be mined for about forty cents a ton; by the time it is briquetted it costs a little more. This lignite in its crude state has been largely used on the Western prairies for years. Experimenters in the briquetting process claim there is no doubt but that this coal in its finished state is likely in large part to take the place of the Eastern product.

PAINTING ON COBWEBS. A Norwegian art little likely to be syndicated in this country.

THROUGH the New York post-office, the other [illegible] which, on being opened by the customs officers in the presence of the person addressed, was found to contain a picture set in a frame and painted on a spider's web. It came from Norway, where, as was ascertained, this peculiar art of making pictures on cobwebs is understood by a few individuals [illegible] employed, which are of a remarkably dense weave, occur only in a few localities difficult [illegible]

Presumably the arachnid that spins them is a species of [illegible] That is, of course, and on any dewy morning, early, [illegible] there like tiny blankets on the grass. These webs are of different construction from ordinary "aerial" cobwebs, and densely woven, but one would not like to try to paint pictures on them.

[illegible] in the world, and exquisite fabrics have been spun from it. There was a handkerchief made of it, a while ago, in the museum of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, but it has disappeared. Unfortunately, the material cannot be obtained in large quantities, because spiders, when kept together in numbers (as has been found by trial) eat each other up. So, pretty soon, instead of a colony of spiders, there is only one large, fat arachnid left.

[illegible] a silk of excellent quality, but it cannot be reeled. Of the silk of the Atlanthus moth the same thing may be said. An English scientist, recently, has been breeding Atlanthus moths, and trying to educate them to spin reelable cocoons, but so far without success. In India the larvæ of several species of wild moths are utilized for silk spinning.

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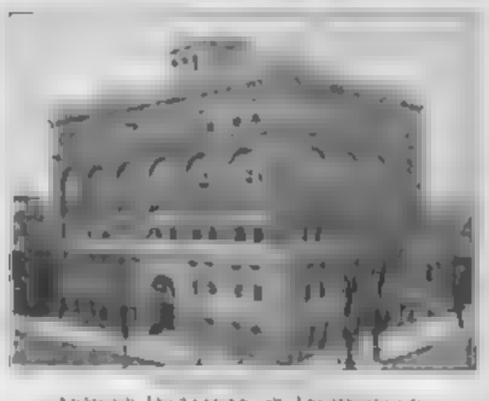

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PRESIDENTS THAT PUSH

Horace G. Burt

By Forrest Crissey

HORACE G. BURT, President of the Union Pacific, has undoubtedly spent more millions in recent railway construction than any other Western railroad president. This fact alone makes President Burt a commanding figure among the men who have wrought that transformation of the West which has lately been effected in course of the greatest movement of railroad reconstruction that the world has ever seen. But the personality of this "construction president" is sufficiently powerful to make his achievement appear the natural expression of his individuality.

The oil of diplomacy was omitted in the compounding of President Burt's character. In the words of an old railroad man, "There isn't enough molasses in the whole makeup of Horace G. Burt to draw a hungry fly." He sometimes alienates by his straightforward bluntness those toward whom his intentions are in every way friendly.

But this bluff man is as big hearted as he is blunt and outspoken. He yields to generous impulses with the same impetuosity that he speaks his mind to those with whom he differs. One night he chanced to see a bevy of happy young débutantes in a box on the opposite side of the theatre. Some of them were the daughters of friends, but most of them he knew but slightly. Crossing the auditorium, he entered the box and greeted its occupants cordially. Before leaving he said, "I should like to take the young ladies who are here on a trip wherever they would best enjoy going. Now, where shall it be?"

Of course the astonished débutantes left the choice of the place to President Burt and he selected Fort Riley. The visit was made on the occasion of the annual military manœuvres, and probably no happier party ever occupied the private car of a railroad president than that composed of the dozen young débutantes of Omaha and their chaperons.

But no member of the party found greater enjoyment in the trip than President Burt in providing the outing and making every arrangement for the comfort and pleasure of his young guests. Although himself not a master of finesse, his appreciation of this quality was shown by the ... of his enjoyment of a certain incident of the military manœuvres. When planning the trip the young women, of course, thoroughly discussed the matter of clothes and it was decided that their best array of party gowns should be taken. But one shrewd young débutante quietly packed her riding-habit and said nothing to her associates regarding this detail of her preparation. At the Fort the young officers came forward with numerous invitations for horseback rides, but the shrewd young miss was the only one of the party who was able to accept. The riding habit did far more effective social execution than all the party gowns of the company, and its owner was besieged with attentions. At the manœuvres she rode alongside the commanding officer, while her companions were obliged to content themselves with seats in the reviewing stand. This piece of feminine ... is said greatly to have amused and delighted President Burt when it was related to him on the return of the party.

A Believer in the Engineering Idea

Perhaps no other president has pushed the "engineering idea" further into the operating field than Mr. Burt. As the greater part of his railroad career up to the time when he became president had been spent in the construction department, this tendency is not to be wondered at; the practice of filling operating positions by men educated as engineers is, however, not an uncommon phase of modern railroad administrative policy, and its results are held to be generally satisfactory.

Strong, unflinching personal loyalty is a trump card in the character of President Burt. He is as firm a "stayer" in friendship as in enmity. It is said that when a youth, and fighting his way for a college course at Ann Arbor, he received encouragement and substantial aid from a family friend—a man who, for his day and his community, was

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of character studies by Mr. Crissey

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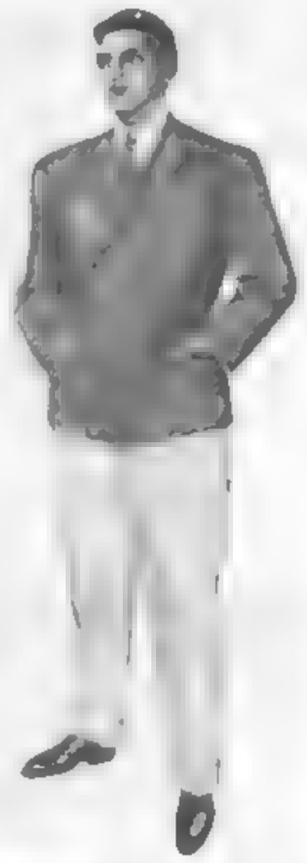

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regarded as wealthy. Although this friendly service was long ago repaid, so the story has it, the matter has always been considered as an "open account" by the President of the Union Pacific, and shortly after he came into his present position he sent for the son of his friend and gave him a place in the employ of the road. Just as rapidly as he could qualify for promotion the young man has been advanced, and he now holds a very responsible position on the official staff. That he will go much higher is not doubted by those who know the personal characteristics of President Burt and the history of his attachment for the father of his young protégé. But, as President Burt is a stickler for solid merit, it may safely be assumed that the son of his old friend has "made good" in actual results

As a railroad engineer and constructionist Horace G Burt is one of the most eminent figures in the contemporary railway world. Here is the field of his genius and here he has made railroad history in dead earnest. The keen judgment of the new owners of the Union Pacific was perhaps never more conclusively demonstrated than in selecting Mr Burt for the heavy responsibility of reconstruction. It is scarcely too much to say that this pushing, driving president, who dares to overturn precedents and traditions and who is not feased by the enormity of any task, has accomplished in three years a reconstructive work that would, in the hands of an ordinary executive, have required six or eight years.

Much of the machinery used in this work of reconstruction was put to practical test on the Union Pacific for the first time. The whole plan of the vast improvement campaign was boldly conceived, and it has been executed without a serious hitch or break—in fact, without a day's interruption of traffic

The rehabilitation of the road has extended to the smallest details; the lax discipline which was a natural and perhaps inevitable result of the administration by receivership has been tightened to meet the most modern and stringent ideas; every department has been put upon a strict business basis, and the entire property and organization of the road rejuvenated with the one idea of making it a great dividend-earner

As the realization of this result must rest primarily upon the ability to haul the maximum of tonnage at the minimum of cost, the problem was necessarily first one of good engineering, of the reduction of grades, the elimination of curves, the strengthening of bridges, and all other improvements involved in making it possible to haul heavier trains and with greater expedition without increasing the expense of operation

Bulldog determination is a mild term to apply to the persistent, unrelaxing force which Mr. Burt applies to the problems and duties of his office. He moves with the directness and power of a locomotive. Delicate tasks of diplomacy, the trimming of sails and the shifting of ballast irritate and annoy him; the nice adjustment of labor troubles, the soothing of irritated shippers and other patrons of the road, are not to his liking

Mr. Burt's preparation for his work was of the right kind to develop his natural gifts to their full extent. After going through the Terre Haute high school he entered the University of Michigan and was graduated in 1867, being then twenty-four years old; but his start in railroad service began while he was still in his teens

His work as rodman on the old Vandalia line helped him to pursue his school work, and the money he earned in charge of a locating party on the Joy roads went into his college funds

Shortly after leaving college he was given a position in the engineering department of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. Here he became chief engineer. In 1882 he undertook his first responsibilities as an operating executive, being superintendent of the Northern Iowa division. Six years later found him in the important position of general manager of the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley road, with headquarters at Omaha. Next he served, for a few months, as general manager of the St. Paul, Minnesota and Omaha Railway, from which he was called to the third vice-presidency of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, in charge of traffic

This glimpse of his career is full of meaning to the young men who are ambitious to make sound progress toward the highest position in railroad administration. It points with emphasis to the conclusion that a thorough knowledge of engineering is a strong basis upon which to gain a footing in the operating and traffic, as well as the construction, branches—and this conclusion is distinctively "the Burt idea"

WE HAVE just received from the printer an edition of the booklet here pictured. Its cover is an exact reproduction in color, size and ornamentation of the cover of one of the ten handsome volumes of The Century Dictionary & Cyclopedia and Atlas.

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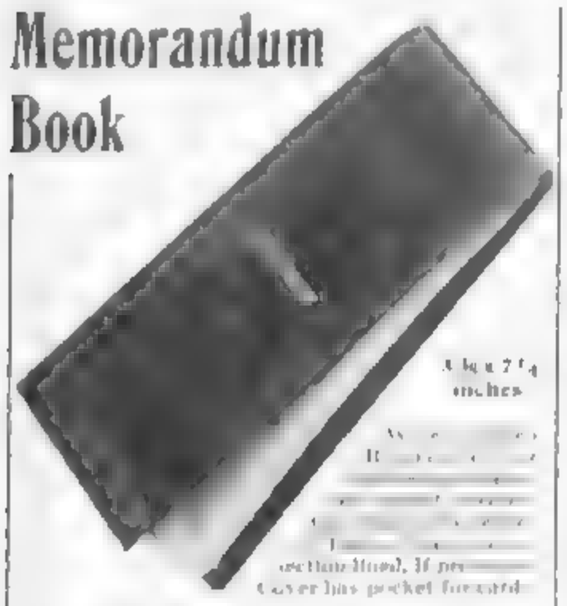

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The Home Study of Science

ASTRONOMY

By C. A. Young, Ph.D.

Professor of Astronomy at Princeton University

ASTRONOMY is the oldest of the sciences, so also it is the most fully developed, and in many ways the nearest to perfection—not, however, in the sense of being "finished" beyond the prospect of future growth, for, as a fact, no other science is making swifter and more victorious progress.

In the intellectual history of the world astronomy stands preeminent as a liberator from superstition and a revealer of the true place of man in the order of the universe. In this consists its highest claim as an educational though in many other respects its educational interest and value are very great in cultivating the powers of apprehension, discrimination and reasoning, and imagination also, poetic as well as scientific.

Its economic value also is important, and likely to increase as our study of the heavenly bodies brings out more and more the wide-reaching influence of their radiations, and enables us to carry our speculations far beyond the range of experimental investigations possible in our laboratories. It is true doubtless that its immediate bearing on the problems of our material life is less obvious and direct than that of some others of the natural sciences, physics and chemistry, for instance; its "bread and butter" value is not so evident.

Still, let any one consider how profoundly our daily life would be affected if some night all knowledge of astronomy should suddenly vanish—all astronomical books and instruments, all almanacs and sextants, all observatories and telescopes, were destroyed. Ships could not find their way upon the sea, accurate time determination would become impossible, and the whole world of modern life with all its modern wants and conveniences would be dropped into the incompatible conditions of ancient civilization.

As a subject for home study astronomy possesses the great advantage that a knowledge of its leading facts, principles and methods can be easily obtained from books. Any person of reasonable ability, with a fair common school education, can by thoughtful reading reach an intelligent understanding of the main features of the subject without being obliged to make observations of his own—he needs no unattainable appliances of telescopes and observatories. Undoubtedly his interest in the science will be greatly quickened, and many facts will be much more vividly impressed upon his mind, if he has the opportunity of observing for himself as well as reading, and he ought, of course, to avail himself of all such opportunities whenever possible. But they are not essential. Many of the most eminent astronomers have not been observers: Newton and Laplace never made any astronomical observations of their own to speak of, but found the material for their epoch-making investigations and discoveries in the published work of others.

How to Use the Star-Map

Probably no better beginning can be made in the home study of astronomy than by the study of the constellations. It is true that a knowledge of these stellar configurations is not essential to even high proficiency in the science—we have in mind an eminent nearsighted director of an observatory who never really saw a star except in a telescope. But such knowledge is extremely desirable, and delightful, too—a quasi-personal acquaintance with the stars which makes it possible to recognize them as friends and to recall their names with all the interesting associations which cluster around them from ancient myth and history. It has its uses also in enabling one to recognize the planets, to trace their apparent motions, and to locate the paths of comets and meteors.

Its acquisition is not difficult, and is obtained very quickly if one can have the help of a friend who already knows the constellations; but such aid is not essential if one

Editor's Note—This is the first installment of the second of a series of papers on the Home Study of Science.

"CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR" is ... is NEVER sold in bulk. It is packed at the refinery and opened in the household; ... waste, no possible adulteration. Every piece sold ... every piece sparkles like a cluster of diamonds, the result of its perfect crystallization. Convenient in form, perfect in quality, brilliant in appearance, no sugar made can equal it for excellence. When buying this sugar remember that the sealed package bears the design of a "Domino" Mask, "Domino" Stones, the name of "Crystal Domino," as well as the names of the manufacturers. You will be pleased the moment you open it. You will be better pleased when you have tried it in your tea, coffee, etc. It is sold by all first-class Grocers, and is manufactured only by HAVEMEYERS & ELDER SUGAR REFINERY, NEW YORK.

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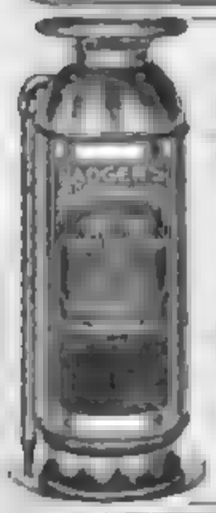

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Agents Wanted

... and towns to introduce it ... liberal commission.

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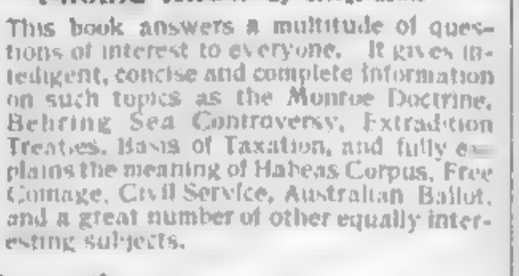

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has a star-map, even if it be on a small scale showing merely the brighter stars, like the maps of the writer's little Uranography *(Ginn & Co.)*; various other books also contain maps that will answer the same purpose—Proctor's Easy Star-Lessons, Serviss' Astronomy with an Opera-Glass, and Howe's Study of the Sky and his Descriptive Astronomy. Any of these will enable the student to recognize the brighter stars; but if he wishes to be able to identify the smaller ones also—and he probably will before he is really satisfied—he will need one of the larger star-atlases, like Upton's or Schurig's. In using the maps he must bear in mind that they represent portions of the celestial sphere as seen from the inside, not from the outside as on a globe. If he is looking toward the southern sky and holds the map up before him it will give correctly the relative position of the stars as he sees them, north being at the top, but east *on the left*, and not on the right, as on a map of the earth's surface.

On the map of the circumpolar region, however, to study which he must face the north, he will find the Pole at its centre, and must turn the circular map into such a position that the "Dipper" of Ursa Major will lie in the proper direction from the pole: this depends upon the season of the year and the time of night. On the maps of the Uranography the name of the month (given on the border) should be brought to the top in order to represent the position about 9 P. M

It is generally best to begin the study of the heavens with this circumpolar region, and probably the first evening's work will make the student familiar with the "Pointers," the great and little "Dippers" and Cassiopeia, and very likely he will also be able to trace out the great coils of Draco winding between the Pole and Ursa Major It will take a little longer to become acquainted with the inconspicuous constellations of Cepheus and Camelopardus, and with those that lie around the borders of the map and join on to the maps that follow.

If the student has a camera with a good lens of fairly wide angle, not less than an inch in diameter, and with a focal length of six inches or so, he will find it very interesting and instructive to photograph the polar region. Let him, after carefully determining and marking his focal adjustment for a distant object, arrange his instrument on some firm support pointed up toward the pole star, and, with the largest stop, make a long exposure, for two or three hours, leaving the camera all the time scrupulously undisturbed. On developing his plate he will find a picture of the polar star-trails which better than anything else will exhibit the apparent diurnal revolution of the heavens, and show the exact position of the pole.

If the observer's station is where the air is strongly illuminated by electric light the time of exposure will have to be reduced in order to avoid fogging

Getting Your Bearings

The equatorial and southern constellations will have to be studied piecemeal, so to speak, since at any time only a part of them can be seen during the night, the rest being above the horizon only during the day The star-maps of the Uranography show by the names of the months at the top of the page what constellations come to the meridian about nine o'clock, and can therefore be well observed during the evening. Naturally, the student will begin by picking out the brightest stars and most notable configurations, and from these, with the help of the map, he will easily pass to the less conspicuous objects He should take special care to familiarize himself with the Zodiacal constellations

The smaller stars below the fifth magnitude, and visible only on perfectly clear, moonless nights, are not shown on the smaller star-atlases, and they are so numerous as to be rather confusing. At first therefore it is best to work only on nights with some moonlight or a little haze

While studying the constellations the observer will naturally notice the planets which happen to be visible. Venus and Jupiter are easily recognized by their great brilliance. Till next July (1904) Venus will be a morning star, and toward the end of October (1903) so bright as easily to be seen in the daytime when once picked up

Jupiter during the autumn and early winter will be magnificent in the evening sky, though gradually waning somewhat as we recede from him.

Saturn will be easily identified west and south of Jupiter, about half way to the sun,

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

We teach you by mail. Devote spare moments to study

Send for our Prospectus. It tells all. It's free

This advertisement occupied three full columns in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, October 3rd.

This advertisement occupied three full columns in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, October 10th.

Three Weeks Ago We Told You

What our Students have done for us. Two weeks ago we told you what we have done for our Students. Last week we told you what our Students and Graduates were doing for themselves.

We Now Tell You What We Can do For You!

We can positively teach you by mail how to write Advertisements.

We can put you in possession of a business knowledge that is enabling our students to earn from $100. per month to $100. per week.

We can positively teach you thoroughly and practically by mail a business that is "not only a help in your present position, but a big help to a better position."

We can positively fit you within a reasonable time to lay a broad foundation for your future work along successful lines, and convince you of the necessity of making commercial publicity one of your educational accomplishments.

We can qualify you to adapt yourself to the best conditions of business life and strengthen your self-confidence and your discrimination.

We can help you, through a knowledge of Advertising, to cultivate profitable observation, to think clearly along broad lines, to reason accurately and to act practically

The study of Advertising will unquestionably make you more useful to your concern, and your work more remunerative to yourself. It will assist you to progress more rapidly toward an independent position in life.

Our system will give you the courage and the means to promote a business of your own when the opportunity presents itself, because Advertising, as we teach it, gives you a better understanding of business principles and stimulates progressiveness.

The study of Advertising is man's greatest stimulus—it is the nation's study. The growing demand for Page-Davis Advertisement-writers and general business promoters is universally conceded and their competency recognized

We are constantly cooperating with our graduates and bringing them before large concerns desiring Advertisement-writers. Employers have learned to look to our institution and to confidently say, "I want a Page-Davis man."

We prepare you by correspondence and give you individual criticisms based on your own work just as if you were the only student. It is leisure-moment study—It is the present-day study—It is your chance.

On receipt of your request we will mail you, postage prepaid, our large, new, handsome prospectus. It has been carefully prepared and fully explains our work

Notice to Employers: *Concerns desirous of engaging competent advertisement-writers at $25 to $100 a week are requested to communicate with us. We have placed competent ad-writers and ad-managers in some of the largest houses in the world*

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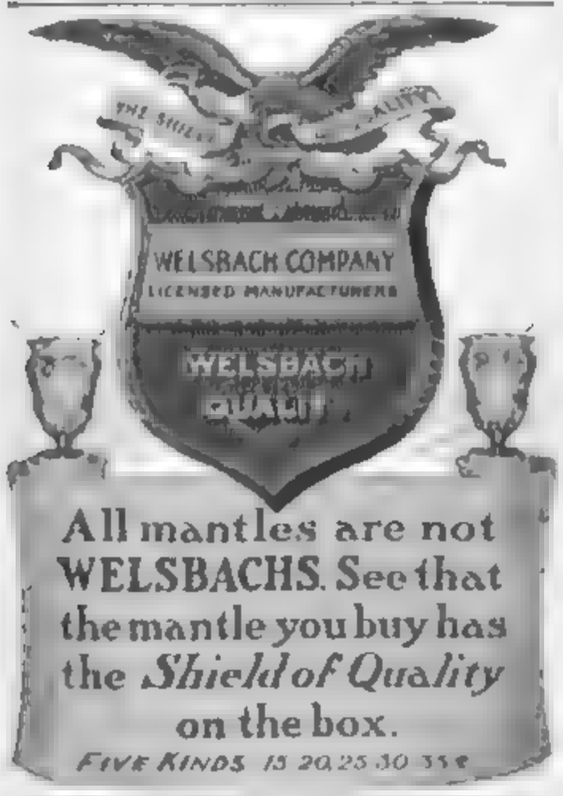

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WANTED—A reliable man of ability to take orders for our New and Enlarged [illegible] Webster's International Dictionary [illegible] and county [illegible] workers. Address at once for terms

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as by far the brightest object in that rather barren region of the heavens.

Mars is practically out of the reckoning for the coming twelvemonth, being about as remote from us as possible and most of the time hidden in the evening or morning twilight. It does not again become conspicuous until the spring and summer of 1905.

Perhaps it is worth while to mention that Mercury may be seen after sunset for a week or so about February 9 and April 21, 1904. One has to watch for chances to catch the swift little planet far enough from the sun to be visible.

The student will find it very interesting to follow the motions of these planets among the stars by noting their positions on the star maps at intervals of three or four days.

In the more serious study of the science the home student will have to depend mainly on books. What books he should use, and how far he should try to carry his work, will depend much on previous education and tastes. If he has not gone beyond the usual grammar school course, or if, having gone higher, he dislikes arithmetic and algebra and is as much afraid of fractions, square roots and equations as girls usually are of mice, he must content himself with the knowledge of merely the leading facts of astronomy without much comprehension of the underlying principles and methods of investigation, since these require for their study some elementary knowledge of mathematics and physics, though no more than is given in the better high-school courses. The successful graduate of such a course will be able to go far in the study of the science by the mere reading of books, especially if he has access to a good library. Indeed, several of the most eminent of our American astronomers belong to this very class, having made their astronomical acquisitions mainly by private work at home, until they were able to secure positions in some public institution.

Some "First-Aid" Books

If one has not already studied some elementary astronomy it will be best to begin with some book that will give in reasonable compass a good general view of the subject as a whole; and care should be taken to secure a work that is up to date and can be depended on so far as it goes. Many of the books that have been widely used in our schools lack this qualification, and contain serious errors, having been prepared by persons whose knowledge of the subject was very limited and antiquated. Among the books now easily accessible may be specially recommended the Concise Knowledge of Astronomy, by Miss Agnes Clerke, with the coöperation of Messrs. Fowler and Gore (published in this country by *Appleton & Co., New York*). It is a little bulkier than one might wish, but on the whole comes nearer to the ideal for its purpose than any other book known to the writer. Among smaller volumes which might more or less perfectly answer the same purpose of an introduction may be named Professor Todd's Stars and Telescopes, Newcomb's Astronomy for Everybody, and the writer's school textbook, Elements of Astronomy, in which the Uranography is also included.

After having gained by this preliminary course of reading a general idea of the scope of the science, and of the peculiarities of what may be called its different "chapters," the student can go on to specialize: he will know by this time what subjects particularly interest him, and this will naturally direct his reading.

For the history of astronomy, of which only a very brief outline is given in any of the volumes above named, the reader will have to resort to various sources of information, as no single work in English will cover the whole ground. There is one German book, Wolf's Geschichte der Astronomie, which, if translated and supplemented by a sketch of astronomical progress during the past twenty-five years, would be very satisfactory. The first volume of Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences contains an excellent sketch of astronomical theory and discovery down to about the middle of the last century. Grant's History of Physical Astronomy is also excellent so far as it goes, covering to some extent the same ground as Whewell's chapters.

Miss Clerke's History of Astronomy in the Nineteenth Century is every way admirable, charmingly written, trustworthy in its statements, and a treasure house of references to original authorities.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Developing Ad. Writers For Good Salaries

The story of Mr. Latta's rise [illegible] position to advertising writer and manager through the Powell System of Instruction. [illegible] and question the personal interest which is ever evident [illegible]

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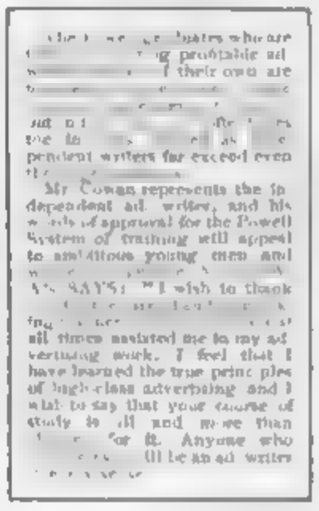

[illegible] graduates who are [illegible] profitable ad[illegible] their own are [illegible] pendent writers far exceed even [illegible]

Mr. Cowan represents the independent ad. writer, and his words of approval for the Powell System of training will appeal to ambitious young men and [illegible]

MR. SAYS: "I wish to thank [illegible] all times assisted me in my advertising work. I feel that I have learned the true principles of high-class advertising and I wish to say that your course of study is all and more than [illegible] for it. Anyone who [illegible] will be an ad writer [illegible]

BY GEORGE H. POWELL

I HAVE a double object in view this week—creating the way for young men and women to enter the field of advertising writing at larger salaries than has, perhaps, been thought possible—and furnishing advertisers all over the country with names of skilled ad. writers who have been taught by me to execute the best copy.

The readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who have noted from month to month the portraits of the host of clever, earnest young men and women, many of whom are now earning from $1,200.00 to $6,000.00, and in some cases even more, through my teachings, cannot have failed to wonder more or less seriously whether they themselves, or perhaps relatives or friends, ought not take up the study of advertising as a means of profitable livelihood.

Those who have written me have been given the best advice, but for the benefit of those who are prone to put off correspondence duties, I shall hereunto give a few words of advice. In brief this advice is as follows: Take up my System of Advertising Instruction if you have been interested in the ads. which are fairly flooding our magazines—*don't* take up my course if the good salaries are the sole reason. Take up my System of Advertising Instruction if you have a common school education—*don't* take it up if you haven't. Take up the study if you can average an hour or so daily, and are willing to work and co-operate with me for final success—*don't* if you are indifferent, and have no real ambition to win out and better yourself.

I will also act on the suggestion of my students by adding that ability to draw or execute pictorial cartoon work is absolutely unnecessary. It is the illustrative IDEAS only that count, and when I say that within the past fifteen years I have originated many of the most popular type effects which are manufactured by leading type founders, it will be more fully appreciated when I also add that yet I can *draw* nothing. To describe the skeleton idea is easy for me or my students, and artists who can execute are too plentiful to make it worth the while for the ad writer to waste time in drawing, even though able to do so.

My graduates are so thoroughly fitted and trained that they are able to fill positions without delay. Perhaps it may be well to add that in these days, when business men everywhere from coast to coast are seeking for competent ad. writing skill, that the mere fact that one is a "graduate" of some school of advertising is by no means enough. THE SKILL MUST BE THERE, and in the case of Powell Students IT IS.

I teach advertising in a way never yet fully attempted, even, by others. And so overwhelming is the vast cumulative evidence that no doubt remains as to the superiority of my methods.

Business men who want skilled ad. writing, and cannot do it themselves, can get up-to-date copy prepared by Powell Students, whose portraits, names, addresses appear in these columns from time to time. I take from the list: S. O. Seitner and J. M. Kemper, Dayton, Ohio, Herbert G. Veasey, Bradford, Mass., Norton Mattocks, Duluth, Minn., E. T. Healey, Jamesburg, N. J., J. N. Paige, Troy, N. Y., H. D. Barto, of the Sherlock & Barto Agency, Phila., Ernest F. Gardner, of Gardner-Commons Agency, Aurora, Mo., W. P. Bottollson, Winona, Minn., Fredk. H. Mantor, Seattle, Wash., and W. A. Pier, Oneonta, N. Y. Advertisers will, on request, at any time be supplied with ad. writers or managers.

I will also take this opportunity to inform the business men readers of THE POST that I am able to supply expert ad. writers at short notice; and particularly do I wish to impress upon them the fact that I have former students now filling in the most acceptable manner positions as ad. writers and managers, and who are ready for promotions to $3,000.00 to $6,000.00 positions.

I shall be happy to mail a copy of the most instructive prospectus ever published if you ask for it. It tells the story of success and gives a wealth of proof for investigation. Simply address me George H. Powell, 49 Temple Court, New York.

Suit Made to Measure $12

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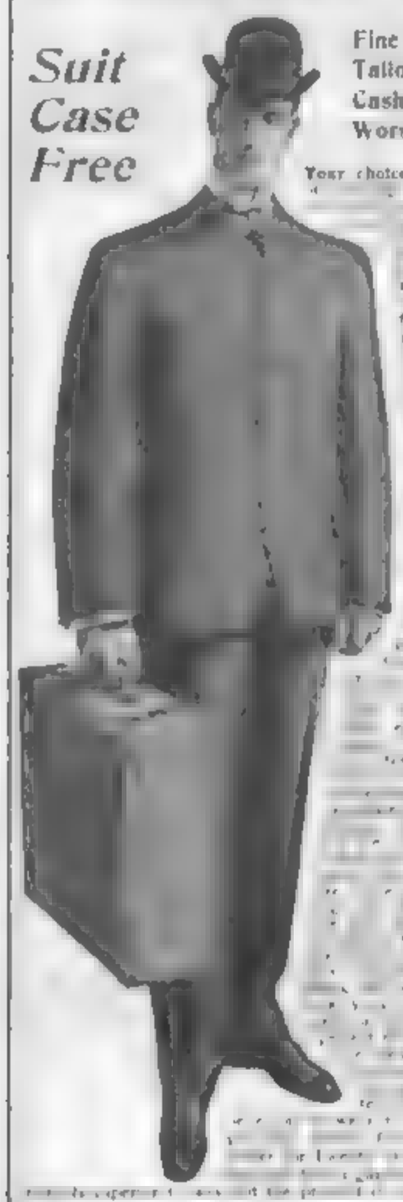

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Are your brains bringing you no better return than does

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Write immediately for

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James Clarke & Co.

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The Franklin Mfg. Company Lockport, N. Y.

Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF BISMARCK—As published it is largely official and reads very much like a blue book.

¶ Before Prince Bismarck died he selected and carefully arranged such of his correspondence with his master the Emperor, William I, as he wished published. He also wished that certain of his personal political letters, exchanged with his contemporaries, should be made public as they serve to authenticate and supplement his autobiography. These letters are now published in English (*Frederick A. Stokes Company*), translated by J. A. Ford

The two most interesting are the letter under date of February—, 1860, from Bismarck to the King in which the writer requested permission to retire, and the King's immediate reply refusing the permission asked on grounds of personal friendship and duty to the country. It was Bismarck's idea that the publication of this correspondence would show better than can be done in any other way the unique relationship which existed between him and his royal master. Apart from the fulfillment of this desire the letters have no great interest for any but the student. They are concerned almost wholly with matters of business detail of which the reader is careless. The old Premier—as the publication of M. de Blowitz' Memoirs showed—did not take his final retirement gracefully. He wished to show that, whatever the son might do, the grandsire had accorded him the fullest confidence. But as for violating that confidence, as for any *journal intime*, or *memoires secrètes*, that was his last thought. His letters are uniformly couched in the most precise phrasing without a particle of personality or color permitted to show. The famous interview with the captive Napoleon III on the morning of the surrender of Sedan reads like the report of a game of chess—not a spark of life not one word of description

An occasional marginal emotion by the disgruntled Premier not intended for the royal eye is worth ten pages of the text

AN AMAZING ELEPHANT—The most accommodating beast that ever walked and as full of tricks as a nut is of meat.

¶ We recommend to the attention of the engineering and electrical journals The Wonderful Electric Elephant, by Frances Trego Montgomery (*The Saalfield Publishing Company*). Despairing editors who have published the last word on wireless telegraphy and radium rays will brighten up amazingly over the new material in Mrs. Montgomery's discoveries. In no book that we can remember—no, not Jules Verne or Mr. H. G. Wells—is there so much revolutionary thought

This truly wonderful elephant is a complete compendious history of applied [illegible] It is not possible in any less space than Mrs. Montgomery herself gives him to describe his construction, we can only set down one or two of his more unusual attributes

"Most curious of all, between the inside and outside of the elephant was a place where compressed air was stored, enough even to supply him should he wish to cross the ocean under the water. This could be done since the elephant was water tight *and made of some metal that would resist both gravitation and the heavy weight of the water.*" This is simply told and perfectly easily understood,

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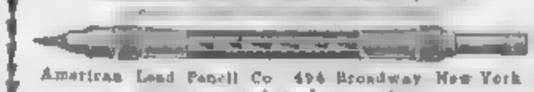

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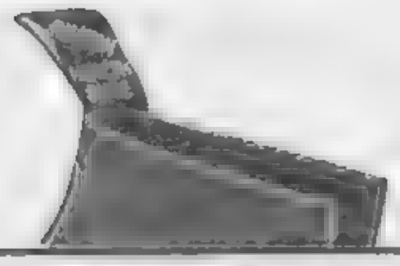

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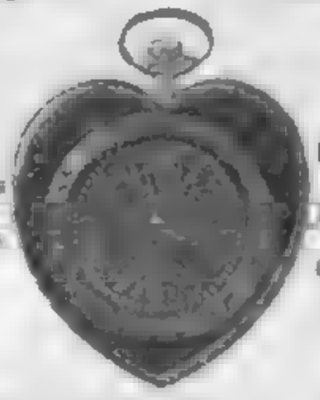

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but we confess to some slight bewilderment at a later page. By an obvious assumption, any elephant that can dive should also fly. In effect the beast was, as one of the characters remarks, as full of tricks as a nut is of meat. It was discovered that by touching a certain button, a false door in the elephant's back would open and from it [illegible] balloon [illegible] to which was attached the volume of the gas would be lifted from the earth and borne away by the breeze. By touching another button some long, narrow slits in the elephant's sides would reveal themselves and allow a pair of golden wings shaped like a butterfly's to appear, and by touching a third button an extensive tail similar in form to an eagle's would protrude directly over the appendage by means of which to direct the elephant.

There is an indebtedness here to the inventor of the "you-press-the-button-we-do-the-rest" formula, but how admirably succinct! And as for the "appendage," on that point the canine illustrator—who throughout adds greatly to the delight of the volume he embellishes—confirms us in our first belief that Mrs. Montgomery did not mean the elephant's trunk. But why a balloon? Was it not already denominated in our bond of belief with the author that this elephant was "made of some metal that resists gravitation?" Can she have been stringing us?

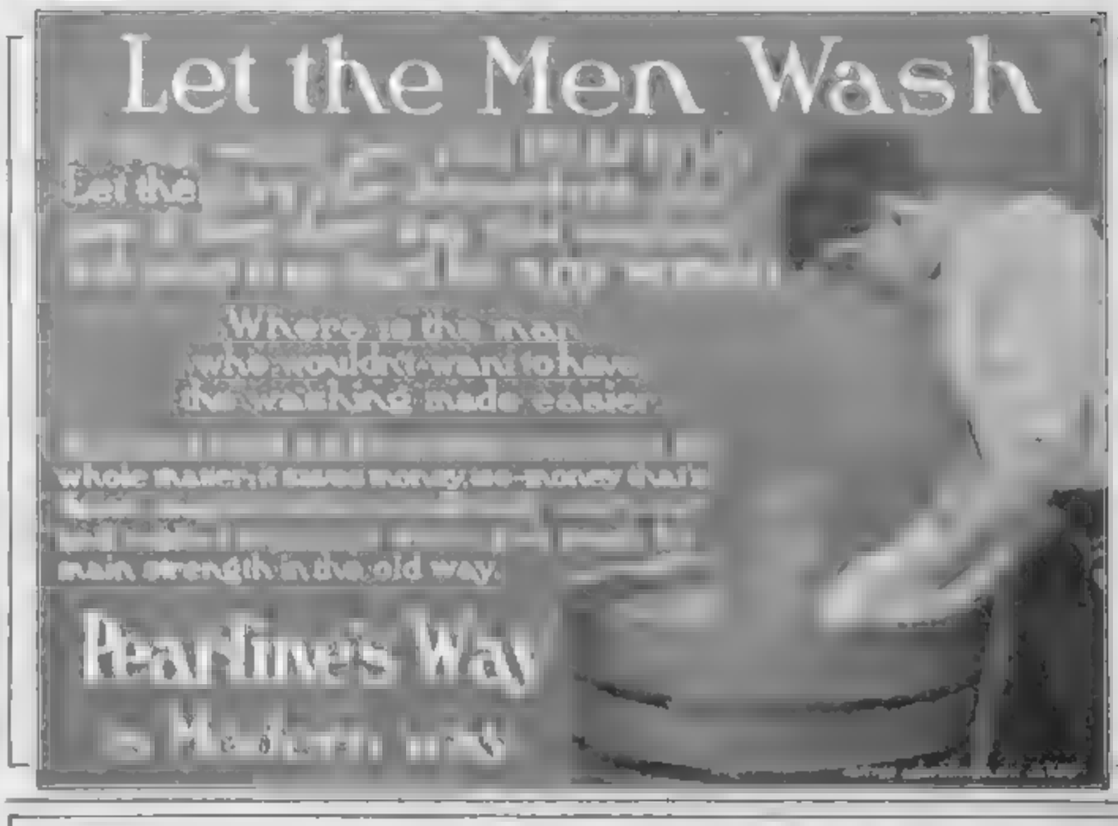
We should regret to believe it. We prefer to live in the dreadful hope of meeting this amazing creature, trumpeting horrific sounds and deadly chemicals through its India-rubber trunk, spitting sparks from its metal hide, pouring dazzling beams of light from its open mouth, marking time with all four water-proof feet, buzzing loudly its golden butterfly wings and brandishing in the air both appendages. World fail us. We fall back on our author, who may well assure us that "it certainly was a great invention and it will unquestionably be thousands of years before its equal will again be devised by mortal man."

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S PROBLEM—It bristles with difficulties which remain as yet unsolved.

¶ There is, in the Record of a College Woman's Experience as a Domestic Servant (Toilers of the Home, by Lillian Pennington, *Doubleday, Page and Company*), a good deal of food for thought. "Eliza," as she chose to be known, "lived out" for a year in five different families. It was not, perhaps, an experience sufficient in length or breadth for a comprehensive review of the whole field, but it made an interesting excursion into territory too little known in detail and too much looked on from above in broad sweeps of generalization. The temper of the book is that of good sense and good humor, though the conclusion is not optimistic—is even known to have been arrived at before by women who have neither been to college nor lived out. "The problem of domestic help," she concludes, "unfolds to prodigious size." Far be it from Eliza even to pretend to know anything about it.

A DEAL IN WHEAT And other short stories now collected from the prentice hand of the late Frank Norris.

¶ Whoever collected the short stories which go to make the volume entitled A Deal in Wheat (*Doubleday, Page and Company*) has done no credit to the memory of their author the late Frank Norris. The title, taken from the weakest story in the book, in no way reflects the quality of the remaining contents and seems an attempt to trade on the memory of The Octopus and The Pit. By these two-thirds of an uncompleted trilogy Frank Norris is known and remembered and, though it is inevitable that his earlier work should be preserved, the massing of it in contrast to his more finished accomplishment does not serve his name and fame. With the exception of the titular story—which might have been a rough draft for The Octopus, The Pit, and the unwritten Wolf—the stories are of the sea and of the Western coast. They are the work of a prentice hand and reflect strongly in conception and construction Stevenson's Wrecker for those that are of the sea, with a suggestion of Bret Harte at his most melodramatic in the Mexican stories, and more than a reminiscence of Kipling's With the Main Guard in the closing paragraph of The Passing of Cock-Eye Blacklock.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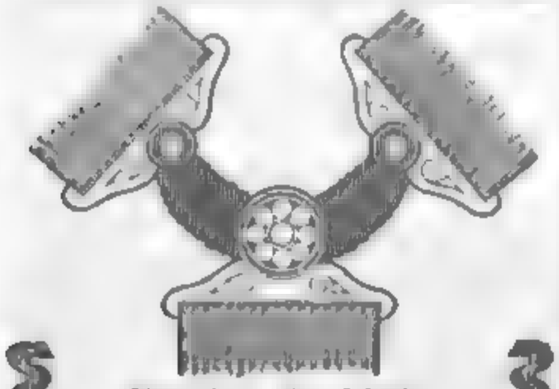

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NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, 67 The Baldwin, INDIANAPOLIS

The Value of Frequent Balance-Sheets

THE systems of accounting in general use to-day are primitive, incompetent and wasteful. They hide more than they reveal. The facts which they appear to show are really falsities. They fail in all the details of comparison that managers should know. Their showings are not respected, even by the men who make them, and it is better so.

There are two classes of managers who are satisfied with their accounting systems. Those of one class have almost no system at all, save the debit and credit to personal accounts; their satisfaction results from ignorance of what good accounting can do. The other satisfied class includes the few who have perfected their accounting systems practically to the limit. These systems have not come to them by adoption, but by development. Those who most value their perfected systems to-day would have considered the man a visionary extremist who would have suggested such a system at the start. When a business man once begins to systematize his accounts, when he learns by experience the accumulating profit of each added feature, he is not satisfied until he becomes what the beginner would call an extremist.

The most successful managers are those that carry system farthest. It is a significant fact that the concerns in which are found the best accounting systems are conspicuously prosperous. Each manager has admitted that his accounting system was a very great factor in that success.

In one of the largest houses of the West is a system which enables the manager to know at the end of each day the profits of that day. At the beginning of each week a regular profit-and-loss sheet is made up for the week preceding; a stock report is made daily.

In these weekly reports a comparison of each class of expenses is made with that of all previous weeks. Also a subdivided comparison of sales and of profits is shown. The tendency in every department of the business is shown *week by week* far more accurately than in the annual reports of most firms.

In this system not only is the general selling cost shown, but the cost of selling each customer, and this cost is divided under four headings. The cost of delivery and of collection is shown on each customer's business. The exact margin of profit is known on the sales made to each customer.

The cost of each week's manufacturing is minutely subdivided for purposes of comparison. The cost of each item of materials used appears separately. Wages, fuel, sundry supplies, repairs and all other expenses appear by departments and under separate headings. The general expenses are averaged so that each weekly report shows its share. Taxes, insurance, depreciation of plant, interest and losses by bad debts are all included in these weekly statements.

So, also, with all incomes and discounts. These reports show the sales, the cost and the profit on each article separately. They show the expenses and profits of every department in detail. Then averages are shown — the average cost, average selling price, average selling and collection expenses, average general expense, average yield from materials used, and average profit.

There is kept a ledger account with each lot of materials received, and the cost and results on each lot by itself are clearly shown. One advantage in this is secured by insuring that all materials are used in the order of their receipt.

One result of the system in total is that week by week comparisons are made for each department separately and each responsible head feels the effects of them. The system is "extreme" only in the frequency of its showings. More good systems make showings by the month. But the tendency is toward greater frequency, and I do not doubt that those who are learning by experience the benefit of monthly statements will supplant them, in time, by the weekly balance sheet.

There is also a tendency to make new comparisons and increase the number of showings. With the better systems this is all done with that simplicity which insures accuracy as well as a saving in labor. — *George F. Watt.*

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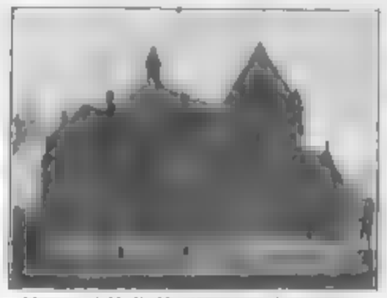

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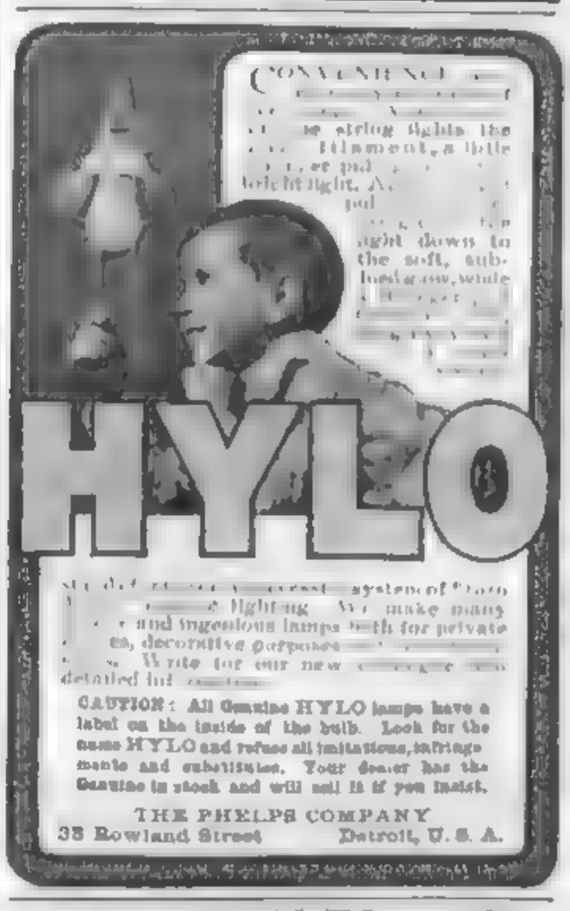

CONVENIENCE [illegible] string hides the [illegible] filament, a little [illegible] pull [illegible] light down to the soft, subdued, white [illegible]

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[illegible] system of [illegible] lighting. We make many [illegible] and ingenious lamps both for private [illegible], decorative purposes [illegible]. Write for our new [illegible] detailed list [illegible]

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THE LAST CHANCE

(*Concluded from Page 9*)

her narrowly she tried to sustain the smile, but it failed her.

"You haven't told me all," he said.

"Why, yes I have," she insisted, achieving her smile again.

"You can't fool me."

"Honestly, dear, he said you would be well—as well as ever."

"Will I be able to ride again?" He tried to raise himself on his elbow.

"Don't," she insisted; "you must not exert yourself."

"Answer me," he commanded. "Will I be able to ride again?"

She could not meet his gaze.

"I knew it," he said; and then he turned away with his face to the wall.

She sank on her knees beside his bed.

"Don't, dear," she pleaded; "don't take it that way."

"I don't want you to feel bad," he said; "but I was satisfied. You see, I was going while I was in the business. I always knew, down in my heart, that I couldn't hold out, and I had a horror of going under in the way I was; you know, out in the world, maybe in the street." A little tremor ran through him. "But this," he cast his eyes about, as if to include the peaceful room and her presence, "this would have been all right."

She tried to stop him, but he would not let her.

"You don't get my idea, I reckon," he insisted on explaining. "You were always envying the guys along the curbstone, but I was always pitying them; you never liked the life, but I loved it—it was the best I ever knew, and when I was out of it I was nearly crazy. When I did get back at last, when I had made good, when I had you—well, that was all the Heaven I wanted. It was the time for me to quit."

She buried her face on the pillow beside him.

"Oh, Owen, Owen," she cried.

"There's just one or two little things, Louise," he went on. "That money I gave you to save for me—you keep that. I only wish it was more. And I'd like you to get Nick back and ride him. Del Dare will sell him—if you give him the price. You'd look swell on him! I wish I could see you—just once!" He spoke wistfully. "Maybe I could hold objects for you; at least I could sit on the planks with the guys and watch you!"

She straightened up.

"Why, Owen! What on earth are you talking about! Do you think I'm ever going back in the ring again—*now?*"

"Why not?"

"You dear old simpleton!" She had taken his face in her hands. "We're going to settle down and have a home of our own, you and I together—don't you understand?"

"Do you mean it?" he said, his eyes wide. "That is—will you risk it?"

She bent and kissed him. He drew a deep sigh, his eyes drooped, and he smiled, like the tired child whose mother had been showing him the picture book.

"You'll go to sleep now, honey," she said with the tenderness of a mother, "and I'll sit here and watch."

The morning broke, a stillness hung over the hospital; it seemed as if all the pain within its white walls had been subdued. From where she sat Louise could look out and, through the trees, see a patch of the sky, clear and pale, translucent in the dawn. The world was waking, life was going on again.

In a town half a hundred miles away the circus was unloading; they would soon be in the parade; then the performance, the music, the shouting, the counterfeiting of joy, Greville riding in the ring, and some other act replacing Harris'. And yet, for him and for her, everything had changed. She turned and looked at him, lying there asleep in the peace that was everywhere in the world that morning.

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THE BOSS

(Continued from Page 13)

do that. When I'm ready, the president of Blackberry will call upon you. He will have an elaborate plan for extending Blackberry to the northern limits of the town; and he will ask besides for half a dozen cross-town franchises to act as feeders to the main line and connect it with the ferries. Be slow and thoughtful with our Blackberry president; but encourage him. Keep him coming to you for a month, and on each occasion seem nearer to his view. In the end, tell him he can have those franchises—cross-town and extensions—and, for your side, go about the preliminary orders to city officers. It will send Blackberry aloft like an elevator. Do you catch my idea? Those forty thousand shares will go to one hundred and thirty-five."

Two weeks later Morton gave me the quiet word that he held for us a trifle over forty thousand shares of Blackberry which he had taken at an average of ninety-one. Also, he had so intrigued that the Blackberry's president would seek a meeting with me to consider those extensions and discover my temper concerning them.

The president of Blackberry and I came finally together in a private parlor of a hotel, as being neutral ground. At the beginning I was cold, doubtful; I distrusted a public approval of the grants, and feared the public's resentment.

"Tammany must retain the people's confidence," said I. "It can only do so by protecting, jealously, the people's interests."

The president of Blackberry shrugged his shoulders. He looked at me hard, as one who waited for my personal demands. He would not speak, but paused for me to begin. I could feel it in the air—how a half-million might be mine for the work of asking.

Thus, we stood, he urging, I considering, the advisability of those asked-for franchises. This was our attitude throughout a score of conferences; at last, and little by little, I went leaning the Blackberry way.

To be sure, the secret of our meetings was whispered in right quarters, and every day found fresh buyers for Blackberry. Meanwhile, the shares climbed high and ever higher, until one bland September day they stood at one hundred and thirty-seven.

Throughout my series of meetings with the president of Blackberry I had seen little of Morton. For that I cared nothing, but played my part slowly so as to give him time, having perfect confidence in his loyalty and knowing that my interest was his interest, and I in no sort to be worsted. On that day when Blackberry showed at one hundred and thirty-seven, Morton came to me. He laid down a check for an even million of dollars.

"I've been getting out of Blackberry for a week," said he, with his air of delicate lassitude. "I found that it was tiring me, don't y' know. Besides, we've done enough. No gentleman ever makes more than a million on a turn; it's not good form."

That check for one million, drawn to my order, was the biggest thing of its kind I'd ever handled. I took it up, and I could feel a pringling to my finger-ends with the hot contact of so much wealth all mine. When I could command my voice I said:

"And now I suppose we may give the Blackberry its franchises?"

"No, not yet," returned Morton. "Really, we're not half through. I've sold thirty-five thousand shares the other way. It was a deuced hard thing to do without sending the stock off; the market is always so beastly ready to tumble, don't y' know. But I managed it; we're now short about thirty-five thousand shares at one hundred and thirty-seven."

"What then?" said I.

"On the whole," continued Morton, with just a gleam of triumph behind his eyeglass, and rolling a fresh cigarette between his fingers—"on the whole, I think I should refuse the Blackberry. The public interest would be thrown away, and the people are prodigiously moved over it already. It would be, politically, neither right nor safe, and I'd come out in an interview declaring that a grant of what the Blackberry asks would be to pillage the town. Here, I've the interview prepared. What do you say? Shall we send it to the Daily Tory?"

The interview appeared; Blackberry fell with a crash. It slumped off fifty points, and Morton and I emerged each the better by fairly another million. The Blackberry in the storm of it grazed the reef of a receivership so closely that it rubbed the paint from its side.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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